

The Sketch

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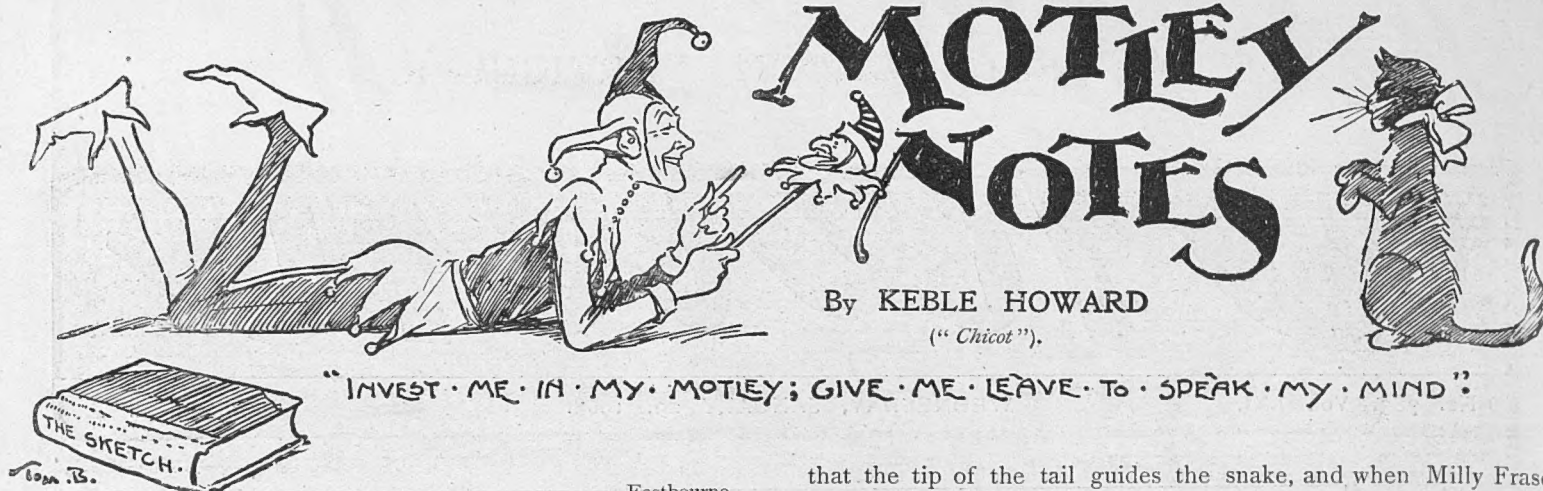
SIXPENCE.



THE GIBSON-GIRL WALK IN THE DAYS OF THE BUSTLE: MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS RAINA
IN "ARMS AND THE MAN," AT THE SAVOY.

The period of "Arms and the Man" is 1885, and it is remarkable how old-fashioned some of the dresses worn in it appear. This is notably the case with the costume illustrated. It will be seen also that in portraying the character of Raina, Miss McCarthy has made her walk somewhat akin to that introduced by the Gibson girl.

Photograph by Bassano.



Why Strive?

I take the following extract from one of my daily papers—

HOURS OF SUNSHINE.

LONDON (Westminster)	nil.
Skegness	nil.
Eastbourne	7.2

The moral is obvious, even to the blindest mole of a Cockney. Why go on striving? If you live in London merely because the sun does not shine there, why not live at Skegness, where you will be just as free from sunshine, save money, and lead a healthier, saner life? On the other hand, if you like a little sunshine, why not join me in leading the simple life at Eastbourne? I was much amused last week—oh, yes, very selfish, I admit; but selfishness, after all, is a particularly human weakness—I was much amused to read in all the London daily papers about some terrible fog or other that was distressing everybody, upsetting the traffic, and making the children cry. I could imagine the confusion; I could hear the oaths of the cabmen and trolley-drivers; I could see the policemen trying, vainly, to wrap their own arms around their own chests. "THE GREAT FOG" some of the papers called it, and others tried "THE SILVER FOG."

Sunshades in Brisk Demand.

And herein lay the joke—the selfish joke. Through my wide-open window I looked out, all day long, upon a smooth sea sparkling in brilliant sunshine. As the people passed to and fro along the Front I could hear the grown-ups talking about the South of France in slightly contemptuous terms, whilst the children, fresh from building sand-castles, would complain of the excessive heat. Anybody who had appeared in an overcoat would have caused a sensation. The band was playing morning and afternoon, and all the old ladies who will not venture out in June, for fear of the sudden chills of early summer, sat in their bath-chairs, and joyously beat time, with withered, sun-scorched hands, to the "Merry Widow" waltz or the gay melodies of Mr. Leslie Stuart. One cabman, of very sympathetic nature, fished out an old sun-bonnet of last summer's pattern, lest his poor horse should get sunstroke; and there was quite a run, I am told, on the unsold stock of last year's sunshades. From Bexhill to Beachy Head the sea was covered with white-sailed pleasure-boats. The houses along the Front were bright with sun-blinds, iced lemonade would have been at a premium if anyone had had sufficient enterprise to put it on sale. On the other hand, were sunshades in evidence in London? And were they drinking iced lemonade at Skegness?

How We Live the Simple Life.

When I talk about the simple life of Eastbourne, it may not be quite so simple as it sounds, you know. That is to say, we do not allow ourselves much time for brooding. In the morning we shop, or skate on rollers, or stroll or drive up and down the front listening to the band. Some of us get into motor-cars, and dash to and fro, from Splash Point to the foot of Beachy Head and back again, as quickly as possible. The idea is to accomplish the trip not less than one thousand times between eleven and one. We are not very popular with the carriage-folk and the pedestrians, but that cannot be helped. Then, in the afternoon, there is more roller-skating, more strolling and listening to the band, golf, and a concert by the Duke of Devonshire's Orchestra. All the best musicians come from London to play to us; we should never dream of going to them, particularly when the weather is—but that's a sore point. To continue. If we are at school, we form ourselves into a long, snake line, with a governess at the tip of the tail, and get as near to the band as the tip of the tail thinks fit. The one drawback is

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

that the tip of the tail guides the snake, and when Milly Fraser, who always walks in front because she has such smart clothes, tries to lead the way to the middle promenade, Miss Jones, the pig, passes the quick word along that it is time to go home.

The Rational Sunday.

In the evening, we can choose between two theatres, a music-hall, and another concert by the orchestra. But it is on Sunday evenings, I think, that we score over the benighted Londoner most heavily. Instead of sitting at home with the criss-cross members of our family, and grumbling at the dullness of the "London Sunday," and wondering why on earth the County Council this, and why in somewhere else the County Council that, what do we do? We go, all smiles, to the Concert Hall at the Devonshire Park, and there, sitting at little tables beneath beautiful palms that shelter us from the glare of the electric light, we take our coffee, liqueur, and cigarette, and listen to a really good vocal and instrumental concert. Does it sound like a dream, benighted Londoner? Yet it is true enough, as you shall see for yourself when at last you make up your mind to abandon the foolish struggle of the city and join me in living the simple life.

With Apologies to the Bootjack.

It is not often, as you may possibly have observed, that I acknowledge myself to be grievously in error, but I am bound to admit that I owe the bootjack a humble apology for having suggested in these notes, a couple of weeks ago, that he had degenerated into a myth. Such a storm of reproaches as have descended upon me! And still they come! Every post brings a passionate defence of the bootjack from some huntsman who has just come in from hunting, very tired and wet, or from some huntswoman in similar plight. "I have read your notes with the keenest interest for ten years," writes one gentleman—this is odd, since I have only been writing them for nine years—"but I am bound to say you have made an ass of yourself this time." Sixty-four kind friends enclosed drawings of bootjacks, and one Lincolnshire reader begged me to call upon him at his country residence in order that he might show me the bootjack used by his grandfather, his father, and himself. To me, the odd thing is that an insult to the bootjack should have called forth all this correspondence, whereas, if I make the most controversial statement with regard to life or death, or education, or something really interesting and important, England and Wales wrap themselves in broody silence, Scotland sulks, and Ireland passes on her way with a smile of pity. Doubtless they are right.

A Signal Honour.

Mark Twain, I see, is still talking gleefully of his little trip to England last summer. In a speech to the Lotus Club of New York, he said: "The London police would not only salute me, but would put up their puissant hands and paralyse the commerce of the city just to let me cross the street." This is the very latest thing in the way of pithy pars., and I hope some of our own great men, who are far too reticent on the subject of the honours paid to them in daily life, will take the hint. Then we may have the satisfaction of reading something of this sort: "A beautiful and touching incident occurred a few mornings ago at Waterloo Station, showing the deep interest taken in our National Drama by all classes. A hansom drew up in which sat Mr. Hall Caine. A porter, noticing a portmanteau on the roof of the cab, immediately stepped forward and asked if he should see it labelled and put it into the train. Mr. Caine, who was much touched by the incident, graciously accorded the man the desired permission. The little scene was witnessed by a small knot of interested spectators, who raised a cheer as the dramatist, on stepping into the train, handed the tactful porter a small monetary recognition of the charmingly spontaneous compliment."

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FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"MADAME SANS-GÊNE."

By Victorien Sardou and
Emile Moreau,
Théâtre Réjane.

Everybody—you, I, and all of us, Madame the Reader—should be careful when selecting our washerwomen. To begin with, *ma chère*, you know what language He is inclined to use when his shirt-fronts are bubbly and soft; and if any mere men should intend becoming Emperors themselves later in life, the choice of the washerwoman is more important still. But do let us begin with the beginning. Way back at the tail end of the naughty eighteenth century there was a young fellow called Napoleon. He had another good name, of course, which he forgot later in life, as many of our friends have done, Madame the Reader, have they not? under stress of circumstances. At the time of the prologue young Bonaparte was an officer in the French army, without much pay and with plenty of ambition. We only know this by hearsay, owing to the physical difficulty which lies in the way of fattening an actor up sufficiently between the prologue, which is August 1791, and the first act, which is just twenty years later. It could be done, of course; but it would have effects upon the actor's digestive faculties, and might put him out of breath. Now Catherine was a washerwoman, in exactly the same way as Barabbas was a publisher, and as I, Madame the Reader, am your obedient, humble servant. And Catherine, as washerwomen will, loved a gay and gallant soldier-man, which his name was Sergeant Lefèvre. I am not pointing to this as anything at all miraculous. But what I should like to make clear is that Sergeant Lefèvre and Catherine were married. So there, now! Before marriage, while Catherine was washing other people's dirty linen so busily that scandal never got a chance with her, there was a little trouble at the Tuileries, and M. de Neipperg got hurt. He was an Austrian, as was the Queen of France, and the Parisians of the day did not like either of them.

A hundred and seventeen years ago Parisians had an emphatic way of expressing their dislikes, and when De Neipperg took refuge in Catherine's little shop he made a nasty red mess of a lot of the washing. There was no time to think of iron-mould just then, because a number of rude soldiers, with the gallant Sergeant Lefèvre at their head, were rather busy looking for De Neipperg. So Catherine put the young gentleman into her little bed, and with her arms akimbo remarked, "Now then!" or words to that effect. In spite of which the sergeant and the washerwoman were shortly made one. And you, Madame the Reader, who are a judge of human nature, need not be told which one, I am sure.

And so we close our eyes, draw in our breath, and leap across a gap of twenty years into the next act. The young Napoleon of the

prologue has been in the Emperor business for a considerable time now, and, as I have explained, has dropped his family name, become a good deal stouter, and ceased to be a bony party, if I may so express myself. Napoleon has been lecturing on geography after a novel method of his own for some years, and has acquired a good deal of influence. He has a way of making three new kings a week and playing diabolio with other people's kingdoms whenever he gets bored, which eccentricities have, not unnaturally, attracted considerable attention in the newspapers. Owing to the influence afore-mentioned, the gallant sergeant of the prologue has become Marshal Lefèvre, Duke of Dantzic.

and Catherine is now Mme. Sans-Gêne. No, my dear lady! Do not misunderstand me. I would cut off my typist's right hand before I would allow her to say such a thing. Catherine is the Duchess of Dantzic all right. They really were married, and the State of Omaha was too far away for them to get out of the married state into which the priest had placed them with the simplicity of modern times. Besides which Lefèvre did not want to be divorced. His wife's nick-name had been earned because the dear good soul had a way of talking to the titled personages of the Court with the unbridled, frank vulgarity which characterises some of the truly blue-blooded duchesses of to-day. Lefèvre loved her for it.

Napoleon, however, is a bit annoyed at Mme. Sans-Gêne's total lack of pretty manners. He is also peevish at her friendship for Neipperg. Having made himself an Emperor and in course of time married an Empress, he has divorced her, and does not see why Lefèvre should not do the same thing. He tells him so. The Maréchal's good lady's

language shocks the courtiers and her "h's" fairly litter up the palace. This the Emperor, with his peculiar tact, explains to the Duke of Dantzic, who remarks that he doesn't give a—doesn't give a Dantzic for such trifles, and suggests that the Emperor talk it over with the Duchess herself. Napoleon has pluck and does so. "You have the manners of a washerwoman" he remarks to Catherine. "I also have the unpaid bills of my former profession," says that lady, nothing daunted, and she reminds the Terror of the Universe of a certain incident connected with an unpaid bill in the days before Lefèvre occupied her virgin heart, and a certain young officer of artillery could have had it for the asking. "Go hon!" remarks Napoleon. He says it in prettier language, but that is what he means. Whereupon Catherine pulls out a faded bit of crumpled paper from the comfortable quarters in which ladies have kept valuable documents from time immemorial, and asks Napoleon whether it would be convenient to pay that nineteen-and-threepence now or shall she call again. The divorce is off.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



DORGÈRE THE DELIGHTFUL: Mlle. ARLETTE DORGÈRE IN "L'INGÉNU LIBERTIN,"
AT THE THÉÂTRE DES BOUFFES, PARIS.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



THE CLUBMAN



THE MAKING OF DIAMONDS—CRYSTALS—SOME GEMS THAT WERE NOT REAL.

IT will be an unfortunate day for woman when it is proved that diamonds of presentable size can be baked out of some meaner material.

If diamonds were within reach of all the minor respectabilities their beauty in the eyes of the feminine half of the world would immediately vanish, and we should hear a good deal of "Poor thing! she was wearing diamonds," when one lady wished to disparage another. At one time I used to hear much talk of the possibility of making real precious stones, just as I find now that every other man who has any money to spend on forlorn-hope schemes is interested in some little syndicate which is on the verge of discovering a simple and beautiful method of photographing in colours, or a perfectly satisfactory substitute for rubber.

Real manufactured diamonds I have never seen, but I have had in my hand some of the less valuable precious stones which a chemist assured me he had made in a crucible. Many stones which looked like diamonds I have seen, and at one time I dashed many hopes; for at one period of my soldiering days I commanded a detachment camped on the Vaal, not far from Kimberley, and my men were continually bringing me crystals they had found, hoping that they might be wonderful diamonds. The experts at Kimberley could tell a diamond from a crystal by the feel, and I had learned enough from seeing many diamonds and handling them to know the difference between the grain of a diamond in the rough and that of a crystal.

It was wonderful what sharp eyes the diamond-buyers had in those days, and probably have now. The very tiny diamonds were bought by weight, there being some thousands in each little package of stout, untearable paper. The buyer, if he did not feel quite certain that the diamonds had been very carefully sorted, would turn them over and detect in a moment any crystals, which would then be flipped out with a toothpick. To ordinary eyes these crystals, which were no bigger than pin-heads, looked just like the diamonds among which they lay.

But the sharpest eyes on the Rand in those days—I am writing of the close of the 'seventies—were those of the ladies. It was the custom then for the diggers to let their wives sort

over again the blue earth after the men had finished with it, and any diamonds they found were sold by their husbands and the proceeds

given to the ladies in the form of pin-money. There were some very fashionable ladies on the Rand then, and the dresses and the tiaras at any of the balls were as gorgeous as were to be seen in Mayfair and in Belgravia; but they were few of them too proud to turn their keen eyes and little fingers to good account, and many of them made quite comfortable sums by detecting the tiny sparks of light amidst the crumbled blue clay.

In Burmah, just after the conquest of the upper portion of the country, there were for sale many rubies, which neither came from the mines nor had been made in a crucible, but were just ordinary glass treated with artistic skill. It was said that the ruby mines which a British company had taken over were not giving the return of the precious stone which had been hoped for, and it was suspected that the native workers in the mines had found some way of concealing the gems. The astute Burman of the towns saw his way to make money by this. He selected his English man, taking care to pick out someone who believed himself to be very knowing in the ways of the world, and after sunset he came to the back entrance of the temple or the palace where the white man was quartered, and brought a rough, dull-red crystal wrapped up carefully in silken rags.

If the Englishman's sense of honesty was stronger than his desire to make a good bargain, he would order the Burman off the premises, and accelerate

his progress by a kick; but if he argued that there was no proof whatever that the ruby had come from the mines, and that the Burman was probably some poor, honest fellow who did not know the value of his find, then he went unresisting to his fate. After some little haggling as to the number of rupees to be paid, the bit of red glass passed into the Englishman's possession for much silver, and was packed away to be taken to a jeweller's and cut and set when the Englishman returned to England. The interview with the jeweller, when it did occur, was short and quite unsatisfactory.



A PREHISTORIC PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT? A PORTRAIT OF THE STRENUOUS ONE MADE LONG BEFORE HE WAS BORN.

The curious idol of which we give a photograph was unearthed in Mexico, and there are many Americans who see in it a great likeness to their popular President.



THE CLERICAL PLAYWRIGHT IN WHOSE THEATRICAL COMPANY MISS EVIE GREENE MADE HER DÉBUT: THE REV. H. D. HINDE, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST DEWDROPS," AND OTHER MUSICAL PLAYS.

Mr. Hinde is chaplain of the Actors' Church Union, and is an accomplished writer of comic opera. He has produced no fewer than twenty-three dramatic works, and many of those who have played for him in the past are now well known. Miss Evie Greene, for instance, was a member of his company when she was a little girl, and Miss Norah Dwyer, now the Mermaid in "Peter Pan," was also one of his "stars." Mr. Hinde seeks inspiration while mountain-climbing, and is a member of the Swiss Alpine Club. One of his catch-lines has become exceedingly popular in Southgate, North London, where he is curate, and there are many who remark to one another when they judge the occasion suitable, "You have saved my life; have a bull's-eye."

MANNERS FOR EVERY MOMENT : TRAINING MANNEQUINS FOR THE £100,000 DRESS SHOW.



1. LEARNING THE ART OF SITTING GRACEFULLY.
2. A PRIMITIVE METHOD OF RIDING ASTRIDE.
3. GRACEFUL ATTITUDES, ACCORDING TO THE EXPERTS.

4. HOW TO SIT IN A PUNT, AND AT AN UP-RIVER PICNIC.
5. LEARNING HOW TO HOLD THE SKIRT.
6. THE ETIQUETTE OF AFTERNOON TEA.

On Saturday last there was opened at Earl's Court an exhibition at which dresses, furs, and laces to the value of some £100,000 are being shown. For the purposes of the exhibition, it was necessary to train a large number of girls as mannequins, and many dress-drills were held before these ladies were considered proficient. Amongst the tableaux, which are being shown day by day, are "An Up-River Picnic," "Ladies at a Meet of Hounds," "A Fashionable Dinner-Party," and "A Lady's Boudoir Scene." The latter, mere man will not be permitted to see.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"THE GREATER GLORY"—"THE O'GRINDLES"—"SUSANNAH AND SOME OTHERS"—
"THE ORANGE BLOSSOM."

WE have had two plays by women writers in the week, both of considerable ability, but exhibiting almost nothing in common. The most inexperienced playgoer would have guessed that Mme. Albanesi's piece, with its shadowy men and two strongly drawn, cat-like women, came from the pen of a lady. On the other hand, Miss Estelle Burney's work, with its rather slender "female interest" and its curious subject-matter, seems essentially masculine. Mr. H. V. Esmond's comedy, "The O'Grindles," sandwiched between the two, might very well be the work of either sex. "The Greater Glory" possesses the advantage of novelty of theme and courage. It has a love story quite subordinated to a study of character and temperament, and handled, a little awkwardly, almost as if Miss Burney regarded her heroine as an inconvenient necessity. She dwells lovingly upon the submarine, the construction of which forms the basis of an almost Ibsenish theme, and has the courage to attempt a very subtle psychological story, in the treatment of which she displays great ability without, perhaps, complete success. The play shows the strife between temperament and character—between a young engineer of genius, with the artist's sense of joy in his work, and MacEwen, manager of a ship-yard, a harsh, greedy brute of strong will, strengthened by a kind of superstitious belief, like that of Napoleon, in his star. In such a contest character generally wins, and there is no exception in the case of "The Greater Glory." The psychological study hardly arises till the last act. The engineer, for love of MacEwen's pretty daughter, agrees to build him a submarine after a brilliant new design; whilst, for hatred of the father, he determines that the new submarine shall be a ghastly failure that will ruin the reputation of the yard. It is a little difficult to reconcile these two resolutions in relation to Mary, the daughter, since he cannot marry her till after the launching, an event which will show his breach of agreement. The question is whether the engineer's intense love of his work will overcome his desire for revenge and cause him to do his best, though anxious to do his worst. Miss Burney has been clever enough to bring about a thrilling solution in the last act by making it uncertain for a while to the engineer and MacEwen, and also to the audience, when the boat has been launched, whether the man's evil genius or good demon has conquered. The play is strong and fresh, though a little diffuse; the dialogue as a rule is crisp, with real wit in it; and the work well deserves to be seen again. There was nothing remarkably good in the acting. However, Miss Vera Coburn showed real talent, as well as inexperience.

Who is for old Ireland and "The O'Grindles"?—the old Ireland of Charles Lever and Dion Boucicault, but not of "G. B. S." and the Irish Literary Theatre, nor truly, I believe, of real life. The

whole of Mr. Esmond's play is full of the conventional old Ireland, with all the customary features, though we had less of the "bulls" and more of the pig than is usual. It must have been an exhausting country if the people laughed as loudly and upon such slight provocation as they did in "The O'Grindles." However, it contained a pretty love story, handled adroitly; and Miss Alexandra Carlisle represented the heroine bewitchingly, whilst her horseback performance would have excited admiration at a circus; and Miss Winifred Emery acted with great skill as an unpopular type of Irishwoman—the citified, wealthy woman from Dublin. And there was Mr. Cyril

Maude in the wildest of spirits as "a broth of a boy," whatever that may mean; and Mr. Alfred Bishop playing quite finely as the old Irish gentleman, with more mortgages than trees on his estate. And the play is quite unpretentious, and has some merry scenes and pretty passages, and the audience applauded heartily; and what more need be said?

Madame Albanesi's play, "Susannah and Some Others," is noteworthy for the really clever study of a woman-of-the-world, Lady Corneston, acted very unevenly by Miss Gertrude Kingston, who in some scenes was admirable, but not in all; whilst a Mrs. Harraday, aspiteful "wrong 'un," is well drawn, and was excellently presented by Miss Frances Dillon. The piece has the faults found in almost all adaptations, and virtues discoverable in few, such as much suppleness and truth in the rather diffuse dialogue; and the professedly sentimental love-story is cleverly handled and not too sentimental. A little cut and played more briskly, and begun and ended earlier than on the first night, it will be an agreeable, entertaining work, good enough, I hope, for success, and quite rich in promise of original drama. The house seemed pleased by Miss Nina Sevensing, who played Susannah, but seemed to me by no means able to give full value to the part, which demands an actress of greater experience. Mr.

Dawson Milward quite satisfied the audience by his skilful performance as her sweetheart. Miss Florence Haydon acted very well—she always acts very well, and sometimes brilliantly—in the part of a shrewd, rather caustic, kindly old lady, and Mr. Fisher White was quite excellent as the unfortunate husband of Lady Corneston.

"The Orange Blossom" is the kind of farce that was once very popular, and may be again, in which a crowd of incredible incidents is tacked on to an improbable story, and the audience is expected to work hard for its fun in trying to discover the meaning of this and that. Such farces are the humblest form of the species, but when the incidents are novel and the whole is served up hot, can be very funny. "The Orange Blossom" was not served up very hot on the first night, yet it caused a good deal of laughter, and it should improve when better rehearsed. The acting in such plays is not often noteworthy.



FROM MUSICAL COMEDY TO SENTIMENTAL COMEDY: MISS NINA SEVENING, WHO IS PLAYING SUSANNAH IN "SUSANNAH AND SOME OTHERS," AT THE ROYALTY.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

SMALL TALK



CAPTAIN THRELFALL, OF THE 8TH HUSSARS, WHO MARRIED MISS MABEL GOING LAST SATURDAY.

Photograph by Mayall and Co.

old when his parents inaugurated their first brilliant reign at Dublin Castle. As was the case with all Lord and Lady Aberdeen's children, Lord Haddo received a home education; but he went to Balliol, where he met the son of the present Lady Haddo, a circumstance which led to the romantic

LORD HADDO, who has just become an Elder of the Kirk of Scotland, is, of course, the eldest son and heir of Lord Aberdeen, and when not residing in his historic home, the House of Schivas, he and his wife spend most of the year with the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Haddo has had a long connection with the Emerald Isle, for he was only seven years

Kingdom, and his Transatlantic bride will have a right to be received in the most exclusive circle of Viennese society. His courting of the richest girl in America was a great romance, and excited the keenest interest while it was going on.

Curiously enough, this is the first time a famous American heiress has married into the great Hungarian nobility. It seems possible that the marriage may lead to some very strict law being passed concerning the dowries of the fair daughters of the Stars and Stripes. The latest proposal is that of putting a ten-per-cent tax on all the money which leaves the country in consequence of such an alliance as that of Count



MRS. THRELFALL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN THRELFALL TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



THE HUNGARIAN NOBLEMAN WHO HAS MARRIED MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT: COUNT LASZLO SZECHENYI.

It was arranged that the marriage between Count Laszlo Szechenyi and Miss Gladys Vanderbilt should take place on Monday last (the 27th). A few days before the wedding the Count concluded a treaty of peace between himself and the too strenuous snapper whose skull he damaged with his cane.



A NEW AND ARISTOCRATIC ELDER OF THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND: LORD HADDO, ELDEST SON OF LORD ABERDEEN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

marriage which took place some eighteen months ago.

A Fortunate Bridegroom. Most bridegrooms, however disinterested their love, would appreciate the gift Miss Gladys Vanderbilt bestowed on Count Laszlo Szechenyi, for it has taken the form of a million pound sterling settlement. Although the young Hungarian noble is himself wealthy, and the marriage is undoubtedly a love match, American racial feeling is much agitated at so much money going out of the country, and the happy pair are being reminded with more vigour than discretion of other American foreign marriages which have not turned out a success. Count Laszlo Szechenyi is a member of one of the oldest families in the Dual



A PLAYER IN THE DIAMOND-MAKING DRAMA: LORD ARMSTRONG, WHO IS MUCH INTERESTED IN M. LEMOINE.

Photograph by Mayall and Co.

Laszlo Szechenyi and Miss Gladys Vanderbilt.

Lord Armstrong, who is playing quite a prominent part in what may be called the diamond-making drama, ought to be in a singularly good position to prove himself a judge, for he comes of distinguished scientific stock, being the great-nephew and heir of the inventor of the Armstrong gun. Lady Armstrong is also the daughter of a noted house, for her father was the great soldier, Sir John Adye. Lord Armstrong pledges himself that the French inventor is justified in his belief that he has solved the problem which is of such immense importance to all those concerned with the diamond-mining industry.



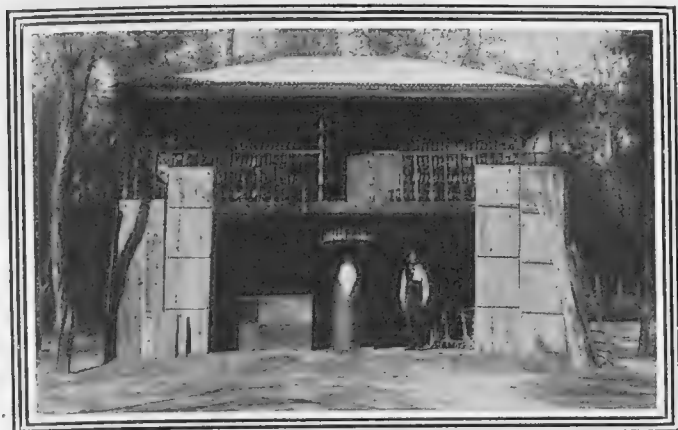
THE HOUSE IN WHICH IT WAS ARRANGED THAT THE VANDERBILT-SZECHENYI WEDDING SHOULD TAKE PLACE: MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MANSION, FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

It was decided last week that the wedding of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt to Count Szechenyi should take place not in a church, but in her mother's house. This arrangement was made as the families feared annoyance from mobs of sightseers. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's city house is known as one of New York's finest residences. The building that towers behind it is the Plaza Hotel.

From stereograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood, New York.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



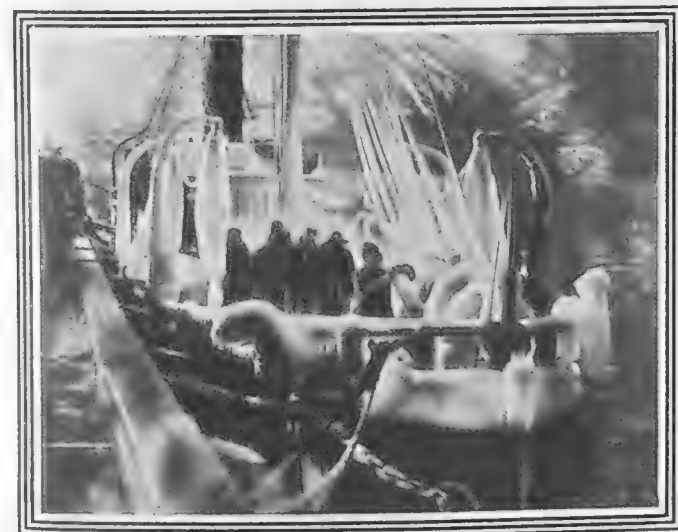
WHAT CAN IT HAVE COST THE CUSTOMERS? A RESTAURANT BUILT LARGELY OF WINE-BOTTLES, NEAR MADRID.



A NIGHTMARE GARDEN: A FINE COLLECTION OF CURIOUSLY TRIMMED YEWS.



AS THE BIRDS OF THE AIR WOULD SEE THE WORKERS UNDER THE EARTH: COAL-MINERS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE.
The lens of the camera pointed straight downwards towards the tops of the miners' heads.



[Photograph by Haifones.]

FIRE AND FROST; SHIP'S DECORATORS: THE "CUTCH" PARTIALLY BURNT AND COVERED WITH FROST.

Vessels buried beneath the snow and hung with icicles are common enough. Photographs of them have been published many times. It is rare, however, to find the effects of fire and frost in combination, as in this instance. The "Cutch" belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.



[Photograph by Gribusevoff.]

A PRINTING-OFFICE IN THE ROAD: TURNING OUT AN EDITION OF A NEWSPAPER DURING A STRIKE.

During a recent strike on the Continent many newspaper proprietors had great difficulty in running their machines, for the simple reason that the electric current had been cut off. In the case shown the newspaper concerned employed various strange traction-engines stationed in the street, and with them worked small dynamos.



A BRILLIANT POLITICAL HOSTESS:
MRS. LULU HARCOURT.

Photograph by Haines.

with what seems to be eternal youth, is fitted as are few of the Queens Consort of modern days to play a leading rôle in such a ceremony as the opening of Parliament, and the fairy magnificence of her appearance is enhanced by the exquisite taste which presides over every detail of her stately costume and her unique jewels.

The Queen's Jewels. On such an occasion as the opening of Parliament, Queen Alexandra may be truly said to rifle her jewel-caskets. On her head she wears the becoming crown of large diamonds which would be so trying to many a royal lady, but which in the case of Queen Alexandra is admirably adapted to set off the extreme regularity of her features. Her Majesty also wears a priceless lace veil, fastened to her hair by jewelled pins, which repeat and recall the lustre of her favourite jewels—namely, pearls. Indeed, it may be said that pearls play a predominant part in all the specially lovely parures of the Queen, and the distinguishing feature of her costume at the opening of Parliament is always magnificent ropes of pearls, which reach from her Majesty's neck almost to the hem of her beautiful dress. The opening of Parliament is one of the few occasions which sees the Queen wearing the Koh-i-Noor in public; and the broad ribbon of the Garter is held in place by large brilliants and flat pearl brooches, as well as by numerous "family" and other royal Orders.

A Brilliant Political Hostess. Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt is expected to play a very important social rôle during the coming Session. Few political hostesses are more delightfully housed for that purpose, for Mr. Harcourt's London mansion, No 14, Berkeley Square, is within a few yards of Clubland, and in the heart of old-world Mayfair. Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, like Mr. Herbert Gladstone, was regarded for many long years as the most confirmed of bachelors; then, quite suddenly, his engagement to Miss Mary Ethel Burns, the daughter of a noted American



ONE of the most imposing and beautiful of State ceremonies takes place to-day, for the opening of Parliament by the King and Queen is a sight which, once seen, is never forgotten. Our Sovereign has a far greater sense of ceremonial and of pageantry than had Queen Victoria, and every great function of which his Majesty is the centre is carried out in the most dignified and ornate fashion possible. Queen Alexandra, dowered as she is

millionaire, was announced, and an exceptionally clever young lady was soon added to the Liberal ranks.

Mrs. Asquith. Since the days when the versatile author of "Sheaves" wrote "Dodo," Mrs. Asquith has loomed large in the imagination of many to whom she is, and must remain, only a name. It may be said without fear of contradiction that as Miss Margot Tennant she was the most brilliant and popular girl who ever enlivened Victorian Society, and that even if we go back over the whole fifty years. Born with a strong dash of French blood in her veins, she had all the vivacity and ready wit which are associated with the best type of French mind: indeed, Mr. Gladstone



A BRILLIANT POLITICAL HOSTESS:
MRS. ASQUITH.

Photograph by Beresford.

is said to have confided to a friend that she was the cleverest young woman he ever met! Her father, the late Sir Charles Tennant's house, The Glen, was christened by Miss Tennant's enthusiastic admirers "Château Margot," and there, as a girl, she entertained all the most noted men and women of the day. Since her marriage Mrs. Asquith has thrown herself with intense interest into politics; she is very ambitious for her distinguished husband, and it will not be her fault if he does not end as Prime Minister.

Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson. Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson.

may justly be called one of the Tariff Reform hostesses, for since her husband became so ardent a convert and disciple of Mr. Chamberlain, she has been a welcome recruit to that inner circle of influential ladies whose husbands believe that Fair Trade is a panacea for many of England's woes. Mrs. Pearson, as is the case with so many people who are now enthusiastic motorists, was early distinguished as a whip; she could drive a four-in-hand with ease and grace, and the most obstinate tandem presented to her no kind of difficulty. To motor-ing and riding—in fact, to most kinds of sport—

she allies a love of dancing that has made her famous as one of the best dancers in London. She is, indeed, untiring, not only in the ball-room, but in the field and elsewhere. She is noted also for her entertainments at Frensham, where Mr. Pearson has a charming country seat, situated in splendid grounds, and boasting amongst its many attractions a covered tennis-court and a squash-racquets court. To Mrs. Pearson's week-ends come all who matter in the worlds of art and literature, and the great men and women of our Colonies.



WELL KNOWN IN POLITICS AND SOCIETY: MRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

Photograph by Lambert, Weston and Son.

THE DISASTER - DODGER : MASCOTS FOR MOTOR - CARS.



LUCK - BRINGERS FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS MOTORIST.

It is becoming the custom for motorists to carry on the bonnets of their cars mascots intended to bring them luck. Some while ago we published in "The Sketch" a photograph of a car belonging to Queen Margherita of Italy, which bore on its bonnet a little figure of St. Christopher, the traveller's saint. We now give illustrations (by permission of Messrs. Dunhill, who manufacture them) of a set of the newest motor-car mascots. These are in nickel or brass, plated and coloured. Those who have particular ideas as to luck-bringers can have them made to their own designs.

Drawings of the Mascots reproduced by Permission of Messrs. Dunhill.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Lamb, Mice, and
a Coo.**

Irving loved a little lamb, which, when he caressed it, bit him. Thereafter he prospered. Patti, we are now told, found mice in her bed, and was unafraid, even though one sought, while she slept, to breakfast off her ear. She and Miss Pankhurst are the only women in the world who are not afraid of mice; and, as the songstress came to great fame, so must the lady who sings a song of women's votes. There was another star in our firmament, but, not immune from fear, he died young. It was Artemus Ward, and the occasion of his cowardice was this: He travelled by a train which stopped and stopped and stopped. He hailed the guard: "Does this company allow passengers to give advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" he asked. The conductor gruffly guessed so. "Well," said Artemus, "it occurred to me that it would be well to take that cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train: for, you see, we are not likely to overtake a cow; but there's nothing to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger."

**Crocodiles of the
Cam.**

It is all very well to excite us with the problem of the extermination of Africa's crocodiles, but what about our own? The saurians of the Dark Continent must die, Professor Koch tells us, that the sleeping parasite may not live. What a fearful thing it would be if all the attendants at the "Zoo" should, some summer day, turn drowsy. We should have to kill them off, and boil down every crocodile in Regent's Park, assured that the fell malady had proceeded from these latter. But where are the crocodiles of yester-year—where the crocodiles which Sir Michael Foster knew? He commissioned Sir Joseph Fayrer to get him some, and the commission was executed by a gentleman of Colombo. "He sent a number of them," reported Sir Joseph; "enough to stock the Cam." Where are these now, with their parasites on the nod?

**Coals and
Caution.**

The busybody who predicted disaster in a certain coal-pit the other day, and so worked upon the fears of the miners as to cause them

to refuse to work, ought not to be allowed thus to disturb the coal market. It is not the first time such a thing has happened. Sir Frank Lockwood knew a man who was death-by-degrees to the black diamond industry in the North. The varlet was continually predicting the end of the world. As Sir Frank said, the man could not be wholly believed—no man who is wrong regularly, once a week, as to the one item of his prophecy could be completely trusted. Still there was always the gnawing fear that some day he might hit the mark. The consequence to the coal merchants was disastrous. All big orders for coal ceased. The number of persons getting in coal by the single sackful became phenomenal. They did not think that the end of the world truly was coming, but they could not afford to risk too much. It would be improvident to have a great stock of coal on hand. Besides—as the thoughtful lawyer pointed out—it might be used against them.

**The Brigand's
Tariff.**

Tchakidji, the brigand whom the Sultan of Turkey has just provided with a mansion and fair estate, seems to be a ruffian with some regard for the sanctity of his word. He slew a subordinate who tried to screw out of a victim more than the sum first agreed upon; and made monetary recompense to the blackmailee. It would be as well, however, not too implicitly to reply upon the magnanimity of this class of gentry. The late Lord Granville Gordon hinted at a remarkable experience in his sporting autobiography. "How I met a friendly mountaineer," he wrote, "who persuaded me to go on a visit to his eyrie and see the great mineral wealth of the hills, how I stayed some days with him, and how, on returning to civilisation, I learnt that a stern letter and a finger had been sent to my relations at home, and how the whole of the Gordon property had to be mortgaged to pay the brigand £25,000, when the old villain admitted, on taking affectionate leave of me, that he would have handed me over for twenty-five lire"; all this was to be told in a subsequent volume. Death prevented the hero of the adventure from redeeming the interesting promise.



RECORD TRESSES: THE WINNERS OF A COMPETITION FOR
THE FINEST HEADS OF HAIR.

Fräulein Burghardt won the first prize, her hair being 78 4-5 inches in length. The second prize was won by Fräulein Elise Kunze (77 3-5 inches); the third by Fräulein Marie Belfer (76 inches).

visit to his eyrie and see the great mineral wealth of the hills, how I stayed some days with him, and how, on returning to civilisation, I learnt that a stern letter and a finger had been

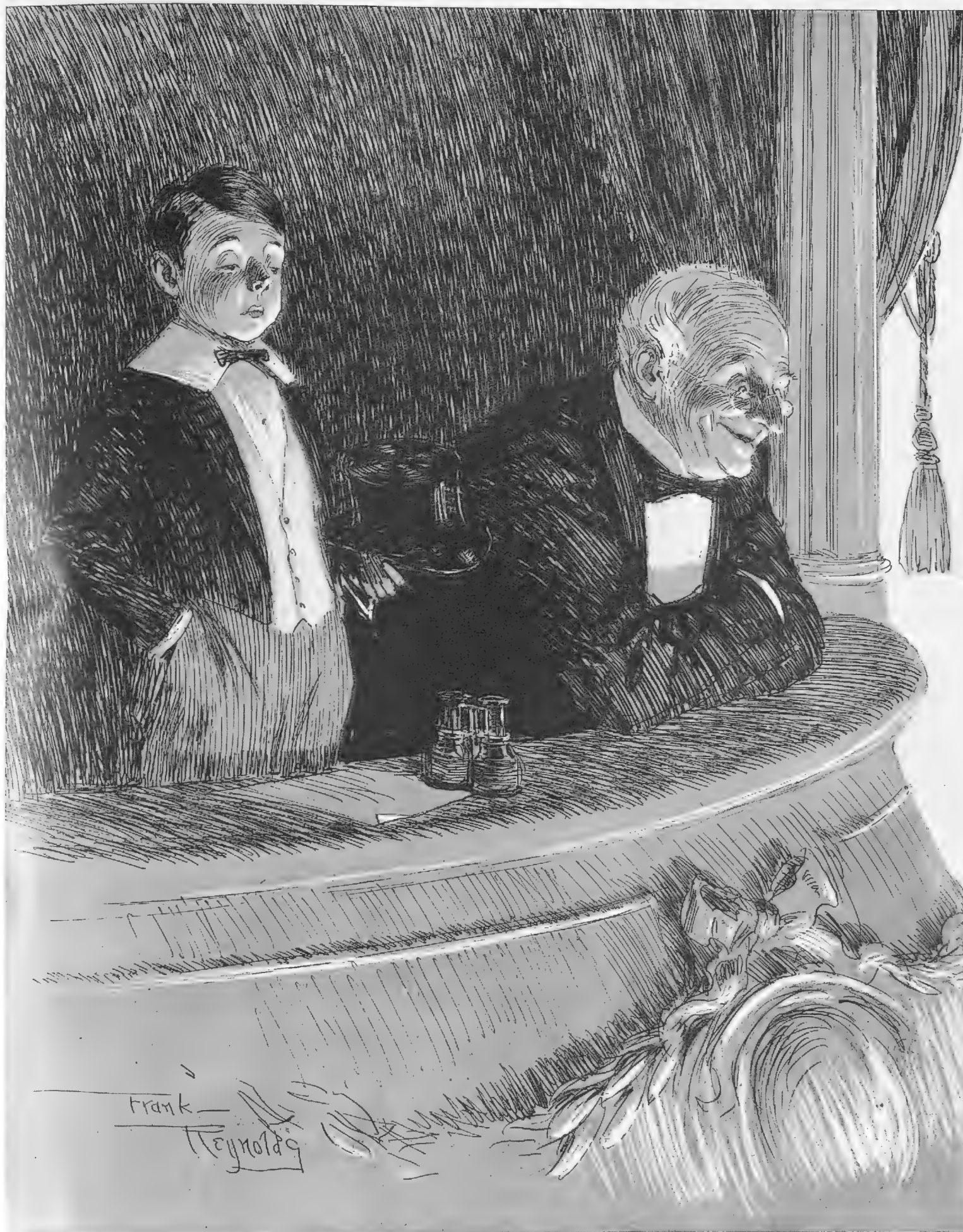


A TRANSFORMATION NOT CALLED FOR: HAIR OVER SIX-AND-A-HALF FEET LONG.

Fräulein Elise Burghardt won the competition for the finest head of hair, held recently in Berlin. Her tresses measure 78 4-5 inches in length.

Photographs supplied by Halftones.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BLASÉ BOYS?



AT THE PANTOMIME.

UNCLE JOHN (*who is enjoying himself hugely*): Ah, Bobby, here's the clown!
BOBBY (*bored*): Right oh! Shall we clear?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT is long since London had so young a manager as Mr. Norman Roe. He is only twenty-three; but as Pitt ran the Empire successfully at twenty-one, there is no reason why Mr. Roe should not succeed at the Royalty Theatre. His ambition is to make it the home of the one-act play, the vogue of which has increased so greatly in Paris of late years. It may seem curious to many people that Mr. Roe should have been what may be called "manager-struck," in opposition to "stage-struck." He has never wanted to act, but has always wanted to have a theatre. To that end he has studied theatrical conditions in all parts of the world. His travels in America took him to the Five Nations reservation, where he was for some time the guest of Mr. Strong—the only white man on any Indian reservation in that country. Like Lord Stamford he was admitted to membership of the tribes, and was given an Indian name, an honour which corresponds to our own knighthood. One day he set out to call on the only pure-blooded Mohawk chief in the country. His way led him through a lonely district known as "Rattlesnake Swamp," and by the time he reached his destination, his mind was filled with wild fancies, bred of Fenimore Cooper and fostered by Colonel Cody. The Chief lived in a tiny hut, at the door of which his wife was skimming milk with her hand. The man himself looked for all the world like an ordinary British workman who had not had a bath for some considerable time, and the likeness was emphasised by the fact that he wore corduroys. As Mr. Roe entered, the Chief advanced to him, tendering the hand of peace, and said in excellent English, "Will you have a drink? It is good whisky—it's 'Black and White.'"

On another occasion, when in Canada, Mr. Roe was staying at the town of Brantford, Ontario. One day he was out playing golf with the proprietor of the *Brantford Courier*—an Englishman—and began chaffing him about the way in which the paper was edited. "Why don't you come and do it better?" said the proprietor. Mr. Roe suggested that he need not be nasty merely because he had been beaten at the game. The proprietor assured him that he was quite serious, for the editor was ill, and they wanted someone to lend a hand; so for a few days Mr. Roe helped to produce the paper.

While the future manager was thus engaged, the Henry Savage Opera Company arrived in the town, and on the opening night gave "Lohengrin." For the first time in his life Mr. Roe acted as musical and dramatic critic. He wrote a laudatory notice of

the performance in general, and of the prima donna in particular, for she was an admirable artist. He omitted, however, to put any headline to his article, and next morning, when he saw the paper, he was amazed to find it headed, "Deafening Dick—Lohengrin Loud and Lucrative." The description of Wagner as "Deafening Dick" has probably never been excelled.

Mrs. Lancaster Wallis, who since her marriage to Mr. Walter Reynold, L.C.C., seems to have reverted to her first and best remembered stage-name, Miss Wallis, made a moving and eloquent appeal for a memorial to Shakespeare on one of the finest sites London could offer, on the recent occasion when she took the chair at the Playgoers' Club on the occasion of Dr. Martin's lecture on Shakespeare as a Londoner. On one of her provincial tours Miss Wallis had an uncanny experience, which might have affected her performance that evening very seriously. As she was leaving her hotel a sad-faced, long-faced, seedy-looking man went up and accosted her with: "A few words, Miss Wallis, I beg." "Certainly," she replied; and, feeling that the strings of her purse were about to be loosened, she involuntarily drew it out of her bag. "But," she continued, "I am hurrying to rehearsal, so make haste, please."

"Madam," he replied with dignity, "I never waste time in coming to a point. I am here as an Ambassador from a higher authority than this world's. You have to give up your stage-work for that of preaching, and I am sent to fetch you." "Preaching?" gasped Miss Wallis—"whatever do you mean?" The man drew himself up to his full height. "Robed

in the garments of righteousness, you shall go forth, and, with the magic of your voice, we—for I shall go forth with you—will gather into the fold the outcasts of Society. We will feed the hungry and shelter the forsaken. Ah, come, beloved!" he cried, drawing closer to her. Then, raising his hand in benediction, he whispered, "Kneel while I thus consecrate my new-found lamb to the service of the Army of—"

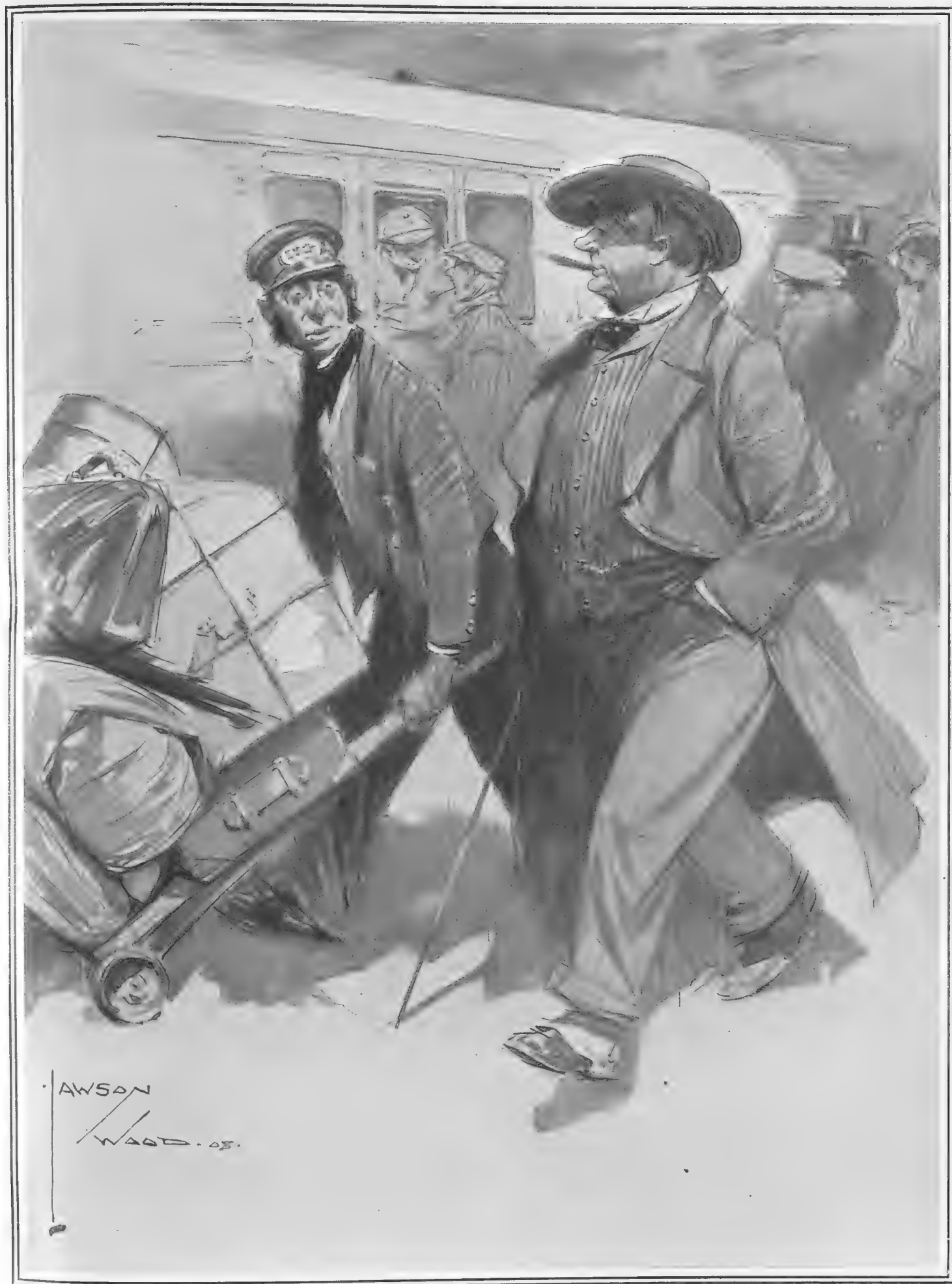
Miss Wallis never heard to what army she was to be consecrated, for at that psychological moment, before she recovered from her astonishment, she was drawn firmly from the grasp of the man, while a stern voice whispered in her ear, "Don't be frightened, Miss: he is quite harmless, and we are taking him back to — Asylum."



MERRY, BUT NOT FROM "THE MERRY WIDOW"; MISS SIDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS CHARLOTTE SIDCONS, AND MR. FRED EMNEY AS NERVY NAT IN "THE GAY GORDONS," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

GEE - WHIZ!



THE AMERICAN GLOBE-TROTTER: Talk about travelling. Why, in America trains go so fast that it takes two people to talk about 'em—one to say, "Here she comes," and the other to say, "There she goes."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

LORD TENNYSON annotates the new edition of his father's poems, and amongst the notes are explanations, most of which we have read or heard before. There is really very little in Tennyson that needs explaining. It is only a dull reader who would have a doubt as to "the roaring moon," which is but "the windy month"; and duller still is he who is puzzled to know whether "the love of love" means love in the highest degree and of the choicest quality, or a passion for love—so certainly was the latter meaning the Laureate's.

Nay, perhaps there is but one unanswered question in his poems, and this occurs not in the meditative and metaphysical, "In Memoriam," but in that straightforward narrative, "Ænone." Paris admires in his wife (the later poem, the sequel, lays stress upon their marriage) a "grace of movement" and "the charm of married brows." Probably the poet intended to describe the dignity and serenity of Ænone's wifehood, and this is rightly Tennysonian idea. But here is a reader—one not apt to make mistakes—who avers that he had always taken the phrase to mean the joining of eyebrows across—an incident more admired in the East than with us, and generally attributed, in "The Arabian Nights," to most transcendent beauties. It is assuredly not Tennysonian to introduce an abnormal, unusual, and accidental personal touch among the classic charms of the shepherdess Ænone. Even if Lord Tennyson has no explicit authority from his father, he might be persuaded to tell us what he thinks.

Botticelli has made a splendid appearance in London, with Mr. Herbert Horne as his equerry and Messrs. George Bell and Sons as Masters of the Ceremonies. Perhaps he comes a little late; for other books, though none so gorgeous as this, are already on our shelves. But Mr. Horne has disdained to hurry over his great task; and the printers and block-makers have done their work to perfection. It is worth noting that both England and France have now produced finer books on Botticelli than any produced in his own Italy.

The *Quarterly Review* has stamped its elephantine foot upon great poets, and they have risen safe from the mire of round abuse. Will the *Quarterly* be more potent in praise than it has been proved to be in blame? Pygmalion-like, it has breathed upon Mr. Alfred Austin, on his pedestal of the Laureateship; but no poet comes to life under its authoritative breath.

The *Quarterly* does not forget, of course, Mr. Alfred Austin's services to its party and his; but it would have us believe that it has the poet, and not at all the politician under consideration. It praises the poet and the thought of the poems; and if it scolds Mr. Austin for carelessness of diction and for sentences "for which

a fourth-form schoolboy would be caned," its scoldings are, like the comic relief in a tragedy, to make the main meaning—occupying in this case some twenty solid pages of prose and a few of quotation—more readily acceptable.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, news of whose death has just reached us from America, was a busy, if not a very weighty figure among the critics of English and American poetry. A minor critic, he made much ado over minor poets, and a phrase of his assuming the importance of one of his poets was held to be so ridiculous by the scoffers at mediocrity who sat round Henley, in the Savile Club of the 'eighties, that it was scribbled upon pieces of paper and scattered about for the sake of its absurdity. The phrase was "Meanwhile Edmund." So it was that Stedman had begun a sentence in a criticism of one whose Christian name, perhaps especially familiar to him because it was also his own, was then thought, in Piccadilly, to be negligible.

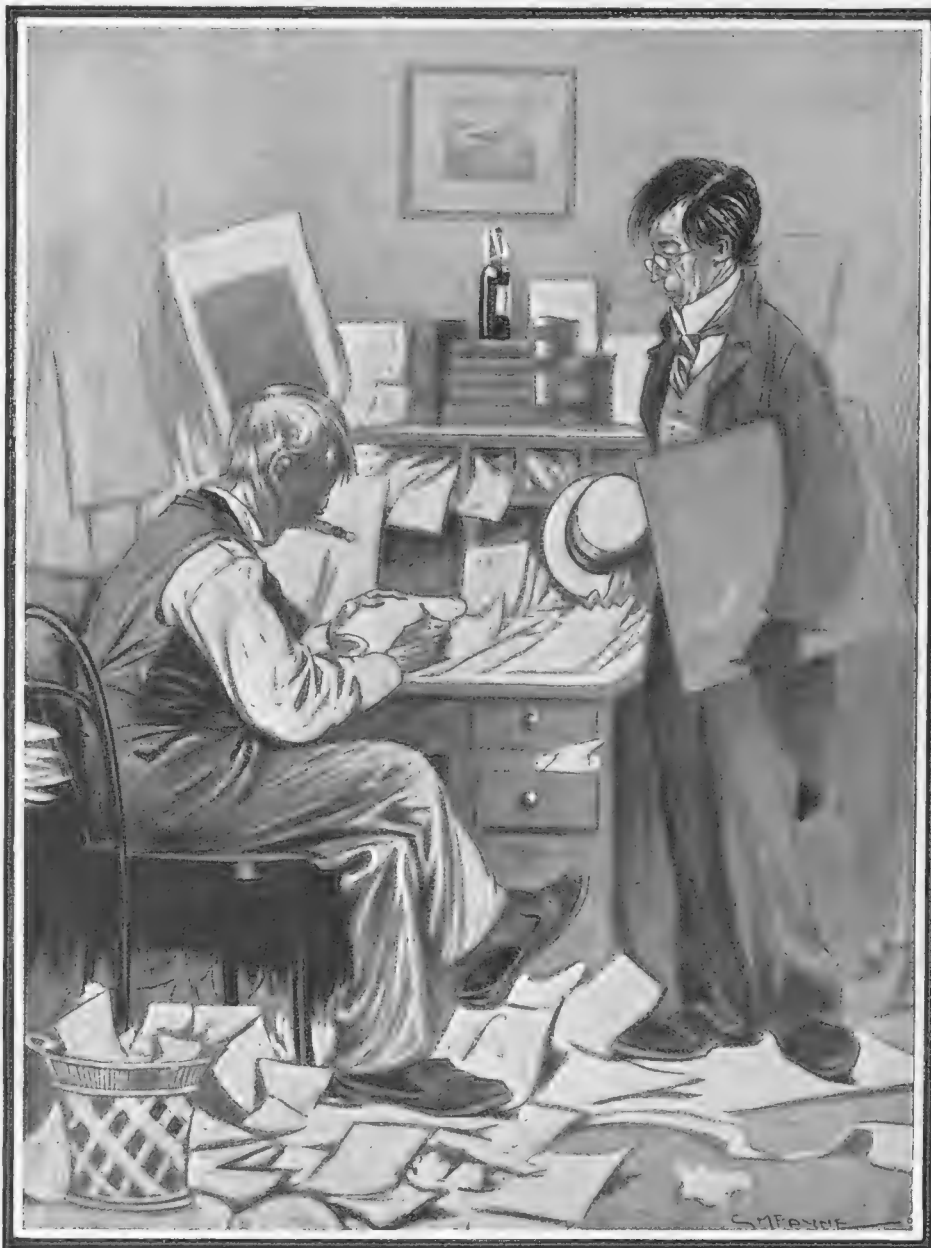
Now the phrase can be written without a smile, for meanwhile Edmund has become a very considerable man of letters, with every right to his Christian name. Stedman was quicker to realise his Edmunds and his Andrews than the rest; and, while he was not a man to make discoveries such as Henley's, he was quicker to take *au grand sérieux* the men who were young forty years ago. Stedman's career was a long and varied one—making a war-correspondent of him from 1861 to 1863, a member of the New York Stock Exchange from 1869 to 1900, and a president of the American Copyright League in 1891. "Meanwhile Edmund," over here in England, was publishing numerous books of poetry and criticism.

Mr. William de Morgan, the maker of tiles and books, has given another novel into Mr. Heinemann's hands, and, with the title of "Somehow Good," it will, on Feb. 1, take

its place with the already popular "Alice for Short" and "Joseph Vance." And yet I would almost wish that Mr. de Morgan were not so successful a novelist; it is hateful to think of his old kiln lying a-cold, and the glories of his reds and blues left like mud for lack of firing.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has not realised all his political ambitions, but the writer of a successful volume of anecdotage need never feel that his life has been a failure. Indeed, why should Sir Henry not have full content in all the employments he has had and all the notabilities he has met? His greatest triumphs have been won abroad, and the best story in his book fitly comes from over the water. It is the story (an old favourite, by the way, with another Ambassador of ours—Lord Dalling) of the Duc de Richelieu, who knew he was old because, said he, "when I was young, ladies took my compliments for declarations, and now they take my declarations for compliments."

M. E.



THE ARTIST: So you can't use my sketches, then. Would you mind telling me what you think of them?
THE EDITOR: I can't now, there are some ladies in the next room.

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

GROTESQUES IN BLACK AND WHITE.



IV.—A PROFESSIONAL CONSULTATION.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

THE AUTO(MATIC) CAB: THE TAXI OF THE FUTURE.



INVENTIONS BY OUR IMAGINATIVE ARTIST.

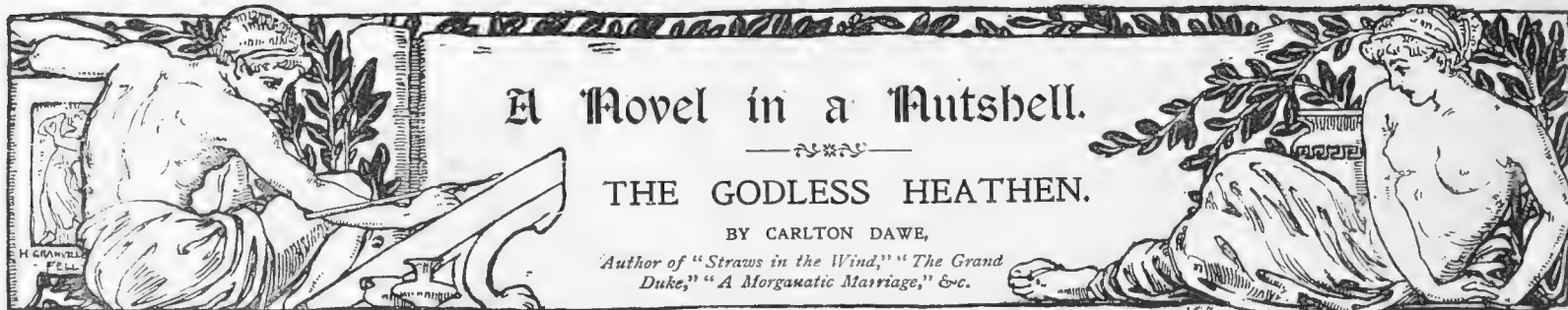
DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

THE SIMPLE LIFE—ACCORDING TO DEFOE.



MISS DOROTHY CRASKE AS ROBINSON CRUSOE IN THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME.

Setting by "The Sketch" from a drawing in Messrs. Warne's edition of "Robinson Crusoe"; photograph by Faulsham and Banfield.



HE was an unctuous, stolid, slit-eyed son of Asia, as free of mitigating circumstances as a murderer caught red-handed.

Yet that inconsiderate husband of hers, fully aware of her antipathy to all coloured folk, returning on a certain occasion from one of his periodic visits to the town where he sold his farm produce, brought the incomprehensible Ah Quong in his train. At first she could scarcely believe her eyes, and though her husband shouted a joyous greeting to her, she scarcely ventured to return his salutation, but walking round to the back of the buggy, looked up into the stolid face of the impassive Quong. There he sat, as unconcerned as any old joss, and not unlike one, she thought. His attitude was one of easy negligence, and to her uncompromising stare of disgust he blinked an impassive curiosity. His feet, dangling over the tail-board of the buggy, were unshod, while his dress was a curious mixture of heathendom and larrikinism. On the top of a long yellow throat was affixed a head quite remarkable for its lack of beauty, while down the back of his greasy blouse hung a long black pigtail, which reminded her of nothing so much as a venomous snake.

The husband, flinging the reins on the horse's back and slowly dismounting, came round to her.

"What's the matter, Jess?"

"Him!"

She stared fixedly into the impassive yellow face, but made no other sign or movement.

"Oh, that's Quong. You've heard me speak of him? Was cook up at Tararooka in the old days. A good old joss-stick, isn't he?"

"What's he doing here?"

"I brought him along to help you. Met him over at Wangaratta. Rather down on his uppers, as you can see; in fact, he seems to have neither sole nor upper. Asked for a job, and—and—well, old girl, you know you'll be weaker before you're better."

He looked at his wife lovingly. He was a big man, with big, strong arms, and the shoulders of a prize ox; but as his clear brown eyes ran over the woman by his side they grew soft as a girl's, and she might have seen the pride and love glistening in them had she turned for a moment from the yellow man.

"You know I hate Chinkies," she said.

"Ah, but you won't hate old Quong. The beggar nursed me up Tararooka way when I was down with the fever. It was a close thing, Jess. But for that yellow image there I should never have known you."

"Still, I don't like the breed. I don't want him, and I won't have him."

He flung a big arm round her and drew her to him.

"You shall have just what you want, my dear, so don't worry that pretty head of yours."

He caressed her with both voice and hand, as one would a spoilt child; and, like a child, she nestled to him. In this woman lay all his joy, all his hope, and he knew that women in her condition are prone to whimsies.

"I admit he's not a beauty," he continued coaxingly, "but I owe him one, and I know you wouldn't have me play the dog, even on a Chinkie. Besides, the poor beggar was on his last legs, and he's got grit in him, in spite of his breed. I repeat, I couldn't do less than bring him along; but we'll give him a week or so's trial, and if you can't stick any more of him, we'll pack him off."

She shook her head, repeating stolidly, almost mechanically, "I don't like Chinkies."

"Neither do I—in the lump. But I rather think Quong is a bit exceptional."

Closer that big arm pressed her. It was something like the grip of a bear, but she didn't seem to mind it. Perhaps she rather liked that protecting, rough caress.

He turned to the impassive Chow, who all this time had sat blinking obliquely at the woman, apparently serenely indifferent as to the result of their cogitations.

"Now, then, Quong, look alive and make yourself useful. Get down and put up the horse."

"All li, Dick."

"And hark ye, my friend, no 'Dick,' if you please. I'm the Boss now."

"All li, Boss."

"And something more, Quong: this is the Missis, you understand. What she says, I say; what she thinks, I think."

"My allee same sabbee," answered the imperturbable Quong, as he slipped from the buggy, sidled up to the horse's head and softly led it away.

The man and the woman walked slowly towards the house—an indifferent wooden affair which he had built with the aid of a distant neighbour. Long years this man had lived alone in the wilderness, rolling from station to station, aimless, purposeless, until one day he looked into Jess's soft grey eyes, noted the golden sheen in her hair, the extraordinarily white skin that the sun had not touched. Then he began to think seriously of life.

And so he saved a little and borrowed a little, and took up his selection, and on it he built a house, lovingly, tenderly, because she had promised to come and look after it for him. Most of the furniture he made with his own hands, rough stuff to be sure, yet shaped and smoothed with loving fingers; but the cane rocking-chair he purchased at a store in Wangaratta. That rocking-chair had been the dream of his life. He fancied he could see Jess sitting in it on winter nights, the glow of the fire in her hair and on the red of her mouth. Then the wind might roar as wildly as it pleased, the rain come down in torrents. He thought the rain would sound pleasant with Jess on one side of the fire and him on the other.

And then one day she told him, told him so shyly that, great stupid ox that he was, he did not grasp her meaning; but when it all became clear to his intelligence he trembled like a little child, and for about the first time for twenty years something like a tear glistened in his eye. When she had gone to bed he lit his pipe afresh and went out and told it to the stars, and whispered it to the stolid old gums until the very air seemed full of the grand sweet news.

And now, forgetting for the moment her detestation of the breed, he had brought this Chinkie back to the homestead, and she hated Chinkies. Well, perhaps it was foolish of him; but, as he explained at some length, he owed old Quong one, and he couldn't be under an obligation to a joss-protesting heathen.

At the same time Quong proved something of a trial. His ways were not those of a white man, for, in spite of his contact with Western civilisation, your Chinese clings pertinaciously to the customs of his ancestors. And many of Quong's ways were still peculiarly Asiatic. Yet he worked well and willingly, albeit in his stolid Oriental fashion, and Dick often declared that he had the making of a first-class hand. At all events, he never drank, and if at times he indulged in a surreptitious pipe of opium—well, there were worse things than an occasional pipe of opium, and Quong had an intelligent decency which protested most volubly against a misuse of the drug. To be sure, he let off crackers and burnt joss-sticks on the Chinese New Year; but as he even condescended to wash himself on that auspicious occasion, the offence was not without an extenuating circumstance. Moreover, as an offset to his many heathenish iniquities, he possessed two undisputed virtues, one of which appealed to the Boss, the other to the Missis. He could cook well, and herein he found favour in Dick's eyes; he was also devotedly attached to the Boss, and for that reason Jess forgave him much.

In a way, too, he was really growing indispensable. He cooked and washed and swept and scrubbed with an ardour beyond all

[Continued overleaf.]

FINE, BOUNCING BABES.



MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS REGGIE AND MISS MARIE GEORGE AS CISSIE IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD,"
AT DRURY LANE.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

praise. When there was no work within the house he chopped wood and grew vegetables, and the bit of garden that the Boss had despaired of this ingenious Quong made to flourish like a patch of his own Flowery Land. And all this he did with a meekness, an unostentation which would have won admiration from the least generous. And she was not that. Only she didn't like Chinkies.

And then she grew weaker, and as the Boss had to make his periodic journeyings for the purpose of buying and selling, he always bestowed the following injunction upon the attentive Celestial before setting out: "Look after the Missis, Quong. If anything happens to her I'll belt the life out of you." And Quong, grinning in his silly Chinese manner, as invariably answered, "My make 'em all li, Boss." He was not a man of many words, this imperturbable Quong, but the Boss seemed satisfied with his modest assurance.

And then the great event happened. Quong was sitting up that night because the Boss was restless. He watched him pass in and out of the door a dozen times; look up at the stars, fill his pipe, light it, walk up and down with hasty strides, and generally behave in a manner inconceivable in one of his weight and inches. The doctor man from Wangaratta was inside, also the wife of a distant neighbour. Quong wondered why they should make such a fuss over a common happening.

Yes, of course it was a boy—it couldn't well be anything else to a man like the Boss—and from that moment Quong's allegiance alternated between the father and son. Jess was weak for a long time after, and the farmer's wife had her own affairs to mind, but Quong stepped into the breach, and added nurse to that of his other duties. If, hitherto, he had revered the father, he now adored the son. Dick swore the fellow had been a woman in another life, and truly no woman could have played her part with greater care and assiduity. At first, Jess protested—feebly, of course, as became her state. She would not have her precious baby dependent on the whims and fancies of a yellow heathen. She was sure Quong's face would frighten the child into fits; she feared it would have the effect of permanently injuring her boy's character. But someone had to attend to the youngster, and Dick was about as useful as an elephant. He almost feared to touch the soft wee mite, for fear of inflicting irreparable damage. But Quong had no such scruples. He took to it as naturally as a woman does to her first-born: washed and dressed and nursed it with a feminine ardour which wrung pæans of praise from the trembling father. And when it screamed at his ugly face, he merely capered with delight and said, "Him belong glate man, Boss. 'Ave got number one lung. First-late piecee kid. Can do."

But, if the truth must be told, he sadly neglected his household duties for the youngster, in whom he seemed to find an infinite source of wonder and delight. And even when Jess was about again he in no way relinquished his duties, but rather seemed to think the mother a quite unnecessary personage. That she was the mother was a mere matter of accident. The "piecee kid" was his and Dick's.

Though Jess could never quite reconcile herself to seeing her precious one in the heathen's arms, she was forced to admit that Quong was, in his yellow, imperturbable manner, very fond of the child. Yet, somehow, it didn't seem quite the right thing that a Christian baby should be nursed by a godless heathen. And when Dick protested that old Quong was one in a thousand, she frankly admitted that he was good, and had proved himself invaluable; but, when all was said and done, she didn't like Chinkies.

And so twelve months passed on, and the child grew and prospered, and with it prospered the little household. Dick junior was now a lusty young rogue, tumbling about and stuttering a few words in pidgin English, which shocked his mother inconceivably, but made his father roar with laughter. "Little beggar," he said, "he's as bad as old Quong." And then he would lecture him on the iniquities of the yellow man, to all of which the child would listen with wide, wondering eyes—those eyes which seemed to draw the soul out of the father. And he could touch him now without fear of breaking the little bones, and toss him about as though he were a ball, all of which the child bore with never a whimper.

"You can't make the little beggar cry," he said to Quong one day. "He's not afraid of anything—not even of your face, you wooden-headed old joss."

Quong ignored the compliment, having grown accustomed to endearing terms.

"No dam fear," was the reply. "Whafor he cly? He belong number one top-side piecee kid."

The father was lost in admiration, and wondered how he had lived until this dear woman and her dear child had come into his life.

The day came round for Dick's accustomed journey to the town, but this was to be a journey which would be marked with a red letter in the history of their lives; for things had prospered with them, and he was going into the town to complete the purchase of a larger tract of land, and he intended to mark the occasion by returning with presents for his beloved ones. The parting injunction had an addition now, but it always came in exactly the same way. "Look after the Missis and the kiddy, Quong. If anything happens to them I'll belt the life out of you." And Quong blinked his invariable reply, "Me make 'em all li, Boss." The promised belting never gave offence. He never thought it necessary, but on the whole he liked it. It showed that the Boss took an intelligent interest in him.

It was rather curious how his sense of responsibility affected him. The charge was serious enough in all conscience when there was only the Missis and the house to look after; but when the little "piecee kid" came his office grew in importance, and he almost worried Jess with his pertinacity. However, she had long since learned to smile at his officiousness; for though, on the whole, she didn't like Chinkies, she was slowly learning to tolerate the idiosyncrasies of this particular one.

Dick went away early as usual, and Quong, who had some work down by the creek, returned to it after dinner, having seen the Missis stow the Young Boss away in his little crib for the afternoon sleep. His work was only a quarter of a mile or so away. If he mounted the little hill behind the trees he could see the house quite plainly.

He had worked for perhaps a full hour when he scrambled out of the hole he was digging to take a few puffs at his pipe; but just as he was in the act of lighting up he happened to look round, and saw a woman approaching him from lower down the creek. At first he did not quite realise who it was, nor did he understand her wild gesticulations or her cries. But as she came nearer he knew it to be the Missis, and in his stolid way he stood blinking at her till she approached. Then he saw that her face was deathly white, her eyes starting from her head, and that she reeled in her steps like one about to fall. Indeed, he knew that nothing but a supreme effort of will prevented a physical collapse.

"What's up, Missis?" he asked.

Quong's blood flowed coldly; his manner reflected the cold blood. She tried to speak, yet nothing but an unintelligible gibbering passed her lips. Her mind, however, was working clearly enough, and seizing him by the arm, she swung him round and pointed to a column of smoke which rose above the trees. He started, and the wooden face suddenly grew animated. Fear and intelligence widened the oblique eyes.

"The piecee kid!" he shouted.

"Yes—yes." The words came from her lips in a fierce gasp of agony.

"My cli!"

Kicking off his old shoes, he flung from her side like a flash of lightning. She tried to follow him. She called on heaven, on her indomitable nature, but in vain. The earth sprang up to meet her. Once it struck her violently in the face. She scrambled to her feet and staggered onwards, but the weight of all the world seemed to press her down, down. Now she was groping wildly on her hands and knees towards the burning house, the smoke of which glared blood-red in the sun. The great masses of hair fell over her face and blinded her. That, too, seemed a blood-red haze through which she saw a world on fire.

With the return of consciousness she found herself supported by the most grotesque-looking creature in the world. His face was black and blistered, he had not a scrap of his pigtail left, and even the few clothes he wore were burnt or singed beyond recognition. But he was tenderly bathing her face with water drawn from the creek, and speaking to her in a coaxing, sing-song fashion—just as he soothed the "piecee kid" in its most turbulent moments.

"Quong!" It was both an exclamation and an interrogation.

"All li, Missis. 'Ave got."

He pointed to a scorched and blackened blanket by her side. The "piecee kid" looked up at her and crowed. Not a hair of his head was singed.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

SOME fantastic sprite has prompted a writer in a contemporary to declare that to succeed in politics a man must be bald—that unthatched crowns are the order on the front benches of the Government and Opposition in the House of Commons. If Sir Henry

Campbell - Bannerman and Mr. Balfour comb down, and seek to hide, their locks at the opening of Parliament to-day we shall know why; we shall know that they wish to escape the condemnation of this writer. For, as a fact, this House of Commons is a well-crowned House. The Premier is blessed in the matter of hair, and the Leader of the Opposition would be hopeless to some of the caricaturists were he less abundantly endowed in the same direction. Mr. Haldane, Mr. Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Lloyd George, despite their manifold labours,

for him. The difficulty, he explained, was Lord Suffield's association with the defendant was innocent. "But," he said, "I hate them d—d Lords! What right have they to become tradesmen? Let 'em be Lords or let 'em be tradesmen."

He was convinced that the Peerage and trade could not run together, and he was for downing the Lords every time.



PRINCE RANJITSINHJI'S COUNTRY SEAT IN SUSSEX: SHILLINGTREE PARK, PETWORTH, WHICH THE JAM OF NAWANAGAR HAS RENTED FROM EARL WINTERTON.

The Jam of Nawanager, better known in England as "Ranji," has taken Shillingtree Park, Petworth, for twelve months. The place is the Sussex seat of Earl Winterton, formerly Viscount Turnour, and amongst its attractions is an excellent private cricket-ground. His Highness has acquired also the shooting rights over the estate.—(Photograph by Kevins.)

Real-Life Molluscs. There are molluscs in real life

as well as at the Criterion Theatre. We all know them. One passed away not long ago in a lady, a member of a distinguished family. For some inscrutable reason, she felt herself invalided, and she could not get over the conviction, no matter what the doctors said. For twenty years she never left her room, unless carried from it in an



MR. BASIL LODER, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, WHO HAS MARRIED MISS BARBARA DEANE, OF THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.

was haled before the Bench. Lord Suffield, being a director, dropped into Court and watched the scene from the Bench. Montagu Williams was for the company, whose case was as clear as daylight. To his astonishment Monty found, before he had got far with his address, that the jury, who in previous cases had been most amiable with him, were dead against him. At the end of the speeches they retired, and were absent for hours. Then they agreed to differ, and were discharged. Outside the Court the foreman approached the famous counsel and said how sorry he was that they had been unable to find

have never turned away a hair. And what of Mr. Chamberlain's sturdy crop, of the Duke of Devonshire's ample mane? The Irish leaders have a big total of years' service to divide between them, but they have all managed to keep their hair on—in a strictly literal sense, at any rate.

Down with the Peers! The prosecution of Baron Henri de Rothschild for his venture in milk-selling would recall to the mind of Lord Suffield a little adventure of his own in the Law Courts. He held a thinking part in a case in which a company manager

invalid-chair. Her husband died. She arose from bed, dressed without the assistance of a maid, went to the funeral, busied herself about the affairs of her estate, and the only difficulty thereafter was to get her to go to bed at all.

A German Empire-BUILDER. Dr. Karl Peters's British

friends and relations—for he has English blood in his veins—will be glad to hear of the result of the libel action which has caused such a stir in Germany. The noted Empire-builder was accused of certain acts of callous cruelty, and he at once sued the *Cologne Gazette*—or, rather, the editor of that famous journal, as also the actual writer of the article in which



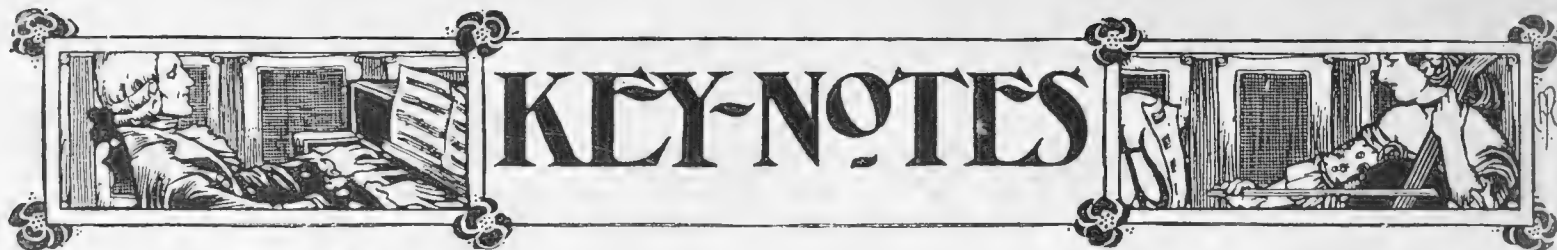
AN EMPIRE-BUILDER: DR. KARL PETERS, WHO HAS WON HIS LIBEL CASE AT COLOGNE.

the allegations were made. Of interest to all our own publicists and newspaper proprietors is the fact that the editor was let off scot-free, but that the journalist was found guilty of public defamation, and was ordered to pay a fine of a hundred marks (£5), and the cost of the action so far as it related to him. By the way, Dr. Peters is said to have started on his career as explorer and colonist by reading the books on the subject of Empire-building written for British boys.



THE VILLA BEQUEATHED TO PRINCESS PIA MONICA, DAUGHTER OF SIGNORA TOSELLI, EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY: THE VILLA STREHLEN.

It is stated that one of the bequests made by the late Dowager-Queen of Saxony was that of the Villa Strehlen to Princess Pia Monica. It is reported also that the little Princess is to be transferred to Dresden in the spring.



THE departure from conventional treatment of music on the concert platform is now an accomplished fact, and London has matter for much gossip, and perhaps a little amusement, in the discussion of the illuminated symphony by Messrs. Joseph Holbrooke and Herbert Trench. The arrangement of the concert platform was less remarkable than had been suggested. The screen upon which the words were thrown resembled the ordinary cinematograph entertainment. The red draperies on either side seemed to combine art with economy, for while they were artistically arranged, there was not very much of them, and the various gilded lyres and emblems harmonised as well as they could with the surroundings, but scarcely succeeded in looking as impressive as they set out to be. The audience showed a highly commendable measure of self-restraint, but it could not help laughing when the head of Apollo Belvidere was thrown on the screen almost as soon as the performance began. One can only suppose that the suggestion of the living picture show was too strong.

The new art-form has points to commend it, but it suffers from the fact that it is not quite new and it is not quite artistic. We are told that it has been the occasional custom for some years past, at music-halls of the second class, to throw the chorus of popular songs upon a screen, in order that the public may take up that chorus should it desire to do so. A chorus taken up by the gallery increases the fame and adds to the salary of the singer. We are not ill-pleased to find a sheet intervening between the conductor and the audience. If by any chance we suffered in London or elsewhere from a conductor whose methods were exceedingly theatrical and consequently offensive to people who go to hear a concert and do not take the deepest personal interest in the vagaries of the gentleman who presides over it, the screen would afford relief. But, from the point of view of the composer of the music, it must be regarded as a mistake. It is obvious to everybody who has any experience of concert-rooms that it is far easier to stir the literary interest of the average concert-goer than to rouse his musical sense, and if once you put the two into competition, the music will need to have extraordinary claims in order to hold its own. Save in the case of musicians — and they, of course, are in a minority in every concert-room — the appeal to the eye is stronger than the appeal to the ear, and when verses are flashed upon the screen as they were at Queen's Hall, the effort of the mind to grasp the lines in the few moments that are available must inevitably detract from due attention to the music.

Mr. Trench's poem and Mr. Holbrooke's music have many qualities in common. There is the same occasional felicity of

phrase, there are moments of inspiration, and there are times when the comparative poverty of the written word finds its counterpart in the series of unresolved discords in which Mr. Holbrooke delights. In his desire to avoid the obvious, the composer has gone too far. Time out of mind he fails to suggest any contrast between the Apollo and the Seaman, between the expression of catastrophe and altruism. It is hard to find the themes that express either; there are moments when every

listener must realise that music is made up of form and melody, and that if these constituent parts are lacking, the residue is mere noise. And yet, when Mr. Holbrooke's resources seem least adequate to the expression of the situation, one cannot avoid the feeling that he is a serious musician with a serious purpose, that he will outgrow the worst of his eccentricities, and will return to the fold of those who respect the great forms in which music has been cast, and do no more than seek to enlarge its boundaries with a reverent hand. Mr. Holbrooke's writing for the voice is very immature. He has not yet learned to respect vocal chords, and is content to place his voices on the top of a pile of elaborate orchestration and leave them there to fight for salvation. In short, we may sum up Mr. Holbrooke's share of the production by saying that his music at its best is very fine, and at its worst is chaotic; while of Mr. Trench it may be said that if his worst lines were as good as his best, he would be one of our greatest living poets, and if his best lines were as bad as the worst he would not find a publisher.

By the time these notes are published the entire programme will have been given again at Queen's Hall, and it is well that those who wish to form an absolutely unbiassed opinion should hear the work more than once, because there is very little music that has been written by men of Mr. Holbrooke's gifts that does not improve on a second hearing. While we do not think that "Apollo and the Seaman" will ever take rank among the composer's best achievements, it marks one of those definite attempts to enlarge the boundaries of art that must be received with respectful attention when it is made by a serious man.

The Concert Club, which has succeeded in the short space of two years in arousing considerable interest among musical amateurs in London, will inaugurate its short season on Feb. 2, when Lengyel, the remarkable boy pianist from Budapest, will play. The Russian Ambassador has joined the honorary committee of the Club, which is under the patronage of Princess Louise and the presidency of Lord Howard de Walden. Signor Arbos is musical director of the Concert Club, and the secretary is Mr. W. J. K. Pearson.



A COMPOSER THE POPE DELIGHTS TO HONOUR:
DON LORENZO PEROSI.

The Pope takes the greatest interest in the compositions of Don Lorenzo Perosi, and recently ordered him to give a special recital of his own works in the Vatican. His Holiness was accompanied by many Cardinals. At the close of the concert, the musician-priest knelt and received the Pope's blessing.

Photograph by Montabone.

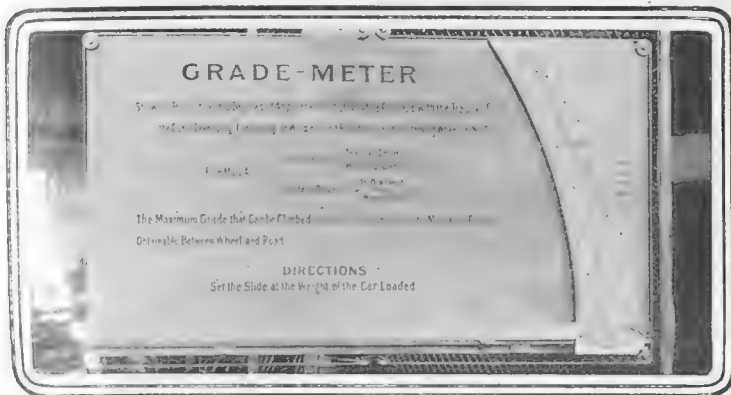


CONVICTS WHO ENTERTAIN WARDERS: THE BRASS BAND AT A FRENCH CONVICT SETTLEMENT. The band performs for the benefit of the prison officials only, and the musicians are unrewarded. They are not even exempt from any of the work allotted to the convicts.



A GOOD TOURING INFORMATION BUREAU—OVER 2000 MILES IN 78 HOURS AND NO TYRE TROUBLES—AN INGENIOUS AMERICAN HORSE-POWER MEASURING AND TESTING MACHINE.

WITH the triptych now obtainable by members of the Motor Union, the Automobile Association, and one or two other bodies, in addition to the Royal Automobile Club, whose prerogative it was at one time presumed to be, British motorists have the ways of foreign motor touring laid plain before them. But the above bodies are not all the spirits motorists may summon from the vasty deep to do them service. It cannot be too widely known that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company have a Touring Information Department in full working order, and ready to afford intending tourists the fullest possible information with regard to journeys upon the Continent, especially in France and Germany. From the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company may also be obtained the Continental French Guide-Book (two shillings), which is compiled similarly to the English edition, upon the excellence and usefulness of which I commented favourably some months ago.



AN INGENIOUS AMERICAN HORSE-POWER MEASURING AND TESTING MACHINE: THE GRADE-METER, WHICH SHOWS IN PER CENT. AND IN DEGREES OF ANGLE THE HILL THAT COULD BE CLIMBED WITH THE TRACTIVE EFFORT THE CAR IS DEVELOPING.

The company have also prepared and issued a special German map and atlas, giving distances in kilometres.

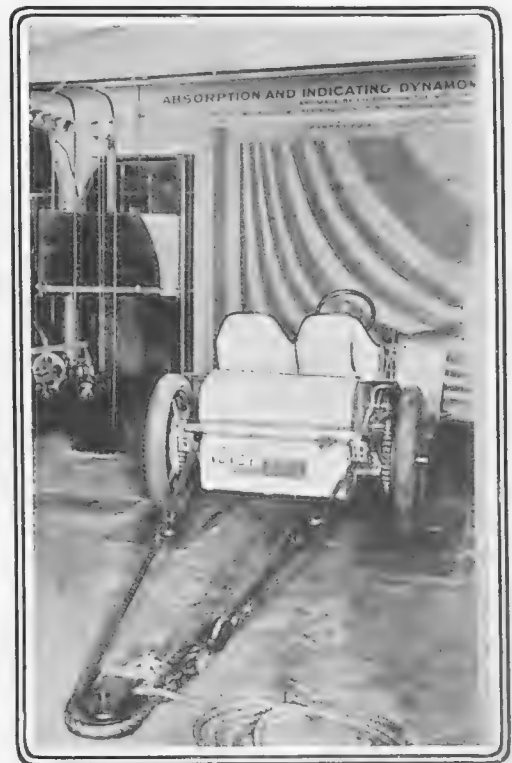
If anything like a conclusive idea of the Bombay to Calcutta trip is desired, then the late Marquess of Salisbury's advice must be followed, and a large map used. Inspection of such a map shows that the Bombay Presidency is crossed at its widest part, and Berar traversed before the Central Provinces are struck. These must be crossed, and then is left something like 300 miles to be covered in Bengal before the city of the sacred Ganges is attained. The distance of the out-and-home journey is over 2000 miles, and this interesting trip was made lately by Mr. W. T. Lord on a 14-16-h.p. Argyll in a little over seventy-eight hours' running time. With the single exception of a nasty gash caused by running over a newly cast bullock-shoe, Mr. Lord's tyres, which were Dunlop non-skids, gave absolutely no trouble, and upon the conclusion of the trip, showed little or no signs of wear from the rigours of the trans-Hindustani roads.

Automobilists and the industry generally have waited long and patiently for that electrical testing-machine which was to have been installed long since by the Royal Automobile Club at their Motor House. Now the R.A.C. have been forestalled and anticipated in this, as in other things, by other clubs, notably the A.C. of America, who have just installed a new power-absorption dynamometer in the upper part of the club premises in West Fifty-fourth Street, New York.

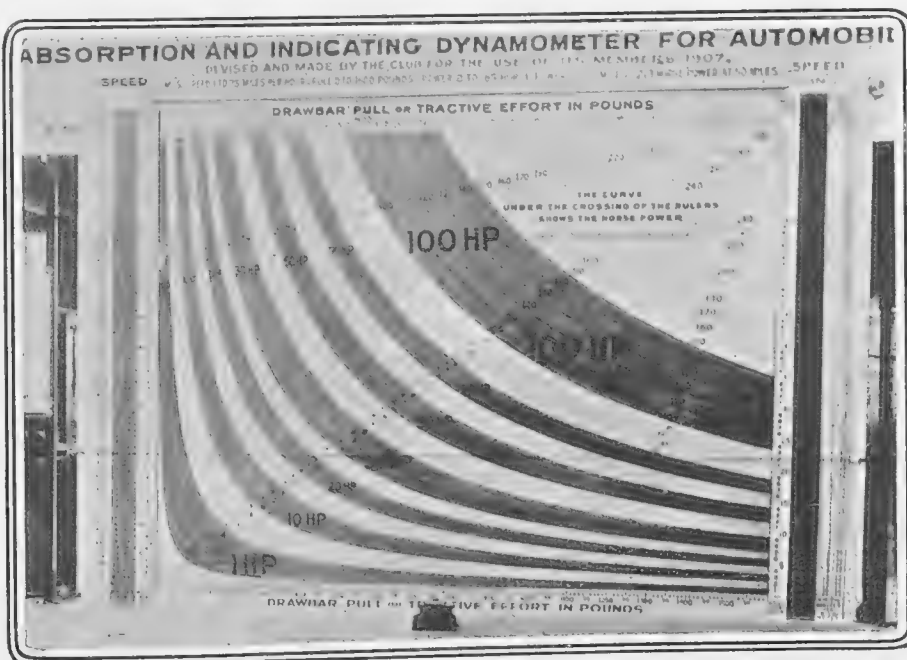
The apparatus is from the designs, and has been constructed under the supervision, of Dr. Schuyler S. Wheeler, the chairman of the Technical Committee. The arrangement of the apparatus is such that, upon a car being tested, no calculations are required, the results being at once read off a large chart fixed upon the wall of the testing-room, upon which are drawn curves which have been arrived at only after a long series of calculations and practical tests.

The driving-wheels of the car are placed upon a pair of rollers, which are rotated by the frictional contact of the road-wheels when the latter are driven from the engine. Below the floor, and connected up to the rollers by an ingenious frictional device, is a large pendulum, which is caused to swing more or less from the vertical position proportionately to the power delivered to the rollers. By suitable connections, the degree of movement of the pendulum is communicated to two cables, which are thereby caused to travel horizontally across the top and bottom of the chart. These cables carry a stiff, thin straight-edge vertically across the chart from the left or zero position to the right or maximum. Another pair of cables are similarly caused to move vertically from the bottom to the top of the chart, and these also carry a straight-edge, which in this case is, of course, horizontal.

Now from the intersection of the vertical and horizontal straight-edges on the curves drawn upon the chart, the horse-power delivered at the road-surface by the road-wheels can be at once read off, together with the speed in miles and kilometres per hour, in feet per second, together with the draw-bar pull, and the hill-climbing equivalent on the particular gear ratio that may be in use at the moment. If it is required to test the relative stopping-power of the brakes singly or in combination, the car engine is stopped and the drums are rotated by an electric motor, which is provided with gauging apparatus which at once reveals the stopping power of the brakes. This is the kind of machine which has been badly required in this country for years, and which, I believe is still-born in the precincts of the Club's motor-house in Down Street.



AN INGENIOUS AMERICAN HORSE-POWER MEASURING AND TESTING MACHINE: A CAR IN POSITION ON THE MACHINE.



AN INGENIOUS AMERICAN HORSE-POWER MEASURING AND TESTING MACHINE, AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE HORSE-POWER MEASURING CHART SHOWN IN NUMBER TWO.

Photographs by the Topical Press. (See matter on this page.)

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE LINCOLN HANDICAP—THE GRAND NATIONAL.

THE weights for the Spring Handicaps will be announced in a few days, but I should advise careful speculators to leave the race alone until the acceptances have been published. Early

market movements count for little nowadays, although I am bound to confess that the public, as a rule, are good judges in finding the winners at long shots. I may mention that the following horses have been backed on the Continent for the Lincoln Handicap: Dean Swift, Desmond's Pride, Forerunner II., Land League, Rockbourne, Athi, Bedouin, Elston, Kaffir Chief, Hayden, Lischana, Longcroft, Lord Carton, Morgendale, Petual, Portland Bay, Sham Fight, Silver Heeled, Succory, and Tirara. Of those mentioned, Forerunner II., Tirara, and Kaffir Chief are mostly fancied by the horse-watchers. The first-named won the Wokingham Stakes in a canter. The horse is trained by Sir Charles Nugent, at Cranbourne, and I know the downs well. Horses can be trained here to come to hand early. Kaffir Chief, who ran second to Ob last year, is in good work at Newmarket. This horse ran well in the autumn, and is very fast. George Chaloner is a good trainer, and a capital judge of a handicap. If Kaffir Chief is fancied he may go very close—that is, provided the handicapper does not weight him out of the race. Tirara brought off a big surprise by winning the Duke of York's Stakes. The horse is owned by Mr. Spencer Gollan, of Moifaa fame. Mr. Gollan takes more interest in golf and aquatics than he does in racing, but he has won some good races in his time, and he owned a very popular horse in Australian Star, who won the London Cup at Alexandra Park, and the City and Suburban, and was, during his racing career, quite as popular with the crowd as Victor Wild or Bendigo when at their best. But to Lincoln. I expect Land League will be weighted out of it. Many people have been waiting for Longcroft, trained by Willie Woodland. Everything points to a good field for the first big handicap of the season, and the recent frost may have been of benefit to the old horses engaged in the race.

We shall have to wait some little time for the imposts for the horses engaged in the Grand National. I am glad to hear from a friend at the Curragh that the King's horse, Flaxman, is all right again. He goes well in his gallops, and, if not overburdened with weight, the brother to Cackler should get the country all right. I believe Mr. Lushington thinks a lot of the capabilities of Flaxman, and such a good judge is worth following. The Hon. A. Hastings—who, by-the-bye, has only one eye—will be able to ride Ascetic's Silver this year without having to waste, and the horse is pretty certain to stand up the whole of the journey, bar accidents. The stable is also responsible for Rathvale, who is said to be more than useful. If Leinster were sound, I should not look beyond him for the winner, whatever weight he received; but I am told Sir Charles Nugent will have all his work cut out in getting him to the post. Drumcree, in the same stable, is, I am afraid, a light of other days, although I am never likely to forget the rejuvenation of Manifesto. Of Maher's lot, Mount Prospect's

Fortune is most liked, and Judas may prove to be the best of Mr. Persse's. Some good judges expect danger to arise from Old Fairyhouse, a six-year-old, who was bought out of Maher's stable by Mr. C. Bewick. The horse won the Gold Cup at the Sandown Military Meeting, but I doubt if he is quite old enough safely to negotiate the Aintree country twice. Robert Gore trains Boralira, who may be useful over this course with only a featherweight on his back. In the same stable is Barabas II., another useful jumper. Tom West, although slow, has run well over the course, and is a capital fencer. Mr. Bletsoe, won the race with Grudon, and knows what is wanted of a winner. Seisdon Prince looks to me to be the pick of Coulthwaite's stable; and I am told that Prophet III. is the better of Joe Cannon's pair.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



MORE ANNOYING THAN THE BROWN DOG OF BATTERSEA?
A REMARKABLE STATUE OF A WOLF CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

The statue is the work of the sculptor Fremiet.



A COLD FISHERMAN'S REST: FISHING THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE.
A hole is cut in the ice, and some thirty hooks are used. Our photograph was taken in Sweden.

Photograph supplied by H. J. Shepstone.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Pessimistic Paris.

Anyone who comes to Paris and expects to find the Parisian gay will have a rude awakening. The Frenchman—always with an eye to his pocket—will hang up festal garlands for the tourist, and make night like day with electric lamps, but you cannot conjure up a smile on his forlorn visage, nor get a joke out of him (except, occasionally, a sardonic witticism) to save your life. This strange pessimism in a seemingly flourishing country affects all classes and both sexes. The French of to-day are pleased neither with themselves, their Government, nor their friends and allies. In Parisian society you will not find any blind enthusiast for the Entente Cordiale with England. A young lecturer at the Sorbonne and an elderly aristocratic Sénateur both made me the same answer when I essayed to set forth the advantages of a close understanding with England. "We thank you for nothing," they said. "You have given us Morocco because you don't want it yourselves, and, moreover, because you know we cannot take it. *Nous sommes fichus.*" Still less does the Russian alliance arouse any enthusiasm nowadays. The pocket of the Parisian has been emptied in the Russian débâcle, and he would be more than mortal if he still acclaimed Nicholas II. as the patron saint of Paris. And if the senator and the Sorbonne lecturer are pessimistic, so is Clémentine, the cook. "*Que voulez-vous,*" she said the other day

with a shrug, "we are an old race, we French. Already we are beginning to decline. It is the end!"

French Féminisme.

Yet nothing is more curious than the ardour with which the modern Frenchman—especially the modern novelist—has taken up the cause of Woman. As yet there are no militant suffragists over here battering at the doors of the Chamber of Deputies, but women have a number of knights of the pen who have devoted themselves to removing their legal disabilities and furthering the cause of feminine education. We all remember M. Marcel Prévost's long and didactic novels, "*Léa*" and "*Frédérique*," and, moreover, for some ten years now the brothers Paul and Victor Margueritte have devoted them-

as on our side of the Channel, is quite content with things as they are, and will not swell the number of editions of the famous brothers' novels because they are pamphlets in the disguise of fiction. As yet we have only Elizabeth Robins' play and novel as evidence of high literary talent engaged in the feminine "movement" in London; but except for Mr. George Meredith—all his life a devoted pioneer of woman's freedom—we have no masculine genius enlisted on the side of the most modern of causes.

The Lost Art of Conversation.

Here, as on the other side of the Channel, bridge and motor-cars are undermining the very foundations of society and putting an end to that fluent and witty conversation which was at once the pride of the Frenchwoman and the envy of the more inarticulate Englishwoman. There is hardly a pin to choose nowadays between a *mondaine* of the upper classes and the "smart" woman of Mayfair. Both dress in precisely the same fashion, play bridge all day, and talk automobilism in the intervals. Both are vastly knowing about carburettors and cylinders, and both spend most of their time playing cards with other women. Perhaps the fogs which have occasionally enwrapped Paris in darkness of late have something to do with the family likeness which the two divergent races are assuming; but our French friends are of opinion that it is carrying the Entente Cordiale too far when we Anglicise Paris by actually wafting our fogs over the Channel. I defy anyone to be amusing at a luncheon-party in Cimmerian darkness over here. Parisians have not yet learned to be cheerful under the disadvantages with which we labour in winter time in London, and a black fog has a chastening effect on their conversation which divests it of most of its charm. Unless the Entente is dissolved and the fog is sent back to its native land, the fine art of the *causerie* is doomed.

To Amuse the Family.

Some people make untold efforts to amuse their neighbours when they go out to dinner, and are unashamedly glum in the intimacy of the domestic circle. Now this is a mistake in strategy. It is much more important to keep one's mother-in-law in tolerable good humour than to make Brown, Jones, or Robinson split his sides with laughing. A witty writer in the *North American Review* sets forth the urgent necessity of improving the type of conversation at the domestic board, which is apt to be dull, trivial and personal. It was currently reported in the lifetime of the late Edward Freeman that he never discussed any event at the home dinner-table later than the Battle of Hastings, or, as he would have called it, the Battle of Senlac. Without going these archæological lengths, it is certain that we might follow with advantage the advice of the American essayist, and insert some plums into the plain pudding of domestic talk. Moreover, by frequent practice at home, we should become experts in Society; and who knows how lively the London dinner-party might become if the Anglo-Saxon once bent his great energies to the most delicate and ephemeral of all the accomplishments!



[Copyright.]

A PICTURESQUE VELVET HAT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A TEA-GOWN IN TABAC-BROWN SOFT SILK EOLIEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

selves, with heart, soul, and pen to the cause. They have flooded the Press with articles and letters, filled the bookshops with pamphlets, and have put a problem-play, "*Le Cœur et la Loi*," on the stage. They even assailed the Senate itself to alter the law of divorce in favour of the weaker sex. Such a courageous attitude is beyond praise, for we may be sure the "average sensual man" here,

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

ARE early morning weddings coming in again, I wonder? There were two last week—one at 9 a.m., another at 11 a.m.; and on Feb. 12 Lord Ardee and Lady Eileen Wyndham Quin are to be married at half-past eleven. This used to be the time for smart marriages; when the law was changed, making them legal up to three in the afternoon, half-past two superseded it. Consequently, the reception took the place of the breakfast, and it became possible to meet the demands of ever-increasing social circles by entertaining four people for what it used to cost to entertain one. Although the wedding hour may be altered, so far that for the reception remains fixed. It has been held the day before!

The old-world wedding-breakfast is unlikely to be revived. Society, if it is ever convivial, does not now begin before dinner. Champagne breakfasts were terrible things; even steady-going chaperons have taken home their table-napkins instead of their handkerchiefs, and men have not gone home, on the principle that a day so begun required a consistent finish. A wedding one day meant headaches the next; indeed, breakfasts, with speeches and ceremonies, were rather stolid and slow. On the whole, the afternoon wedding was an improvement. In town, however, people begin to cry out for something more novel and less crowded. The season before last the Duchess of Devonshire set the fashion of garden-party wedding receptions, which proved delightful. Every London hostess has not a garden, but gardens may be hired for such occasions, and winter gardens too, for that matter, for such weddings as take place when summer does not reign.

Few ornaments have taken so firm a hold on feminine fancy as the plaque. It was a lovely one which several of the nearest relatives of Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes gave her for a wedding-present. A new one by the Parisian Diamond Company, illustrated on this page, is of most graceful design, and especially effective, because every particle of it is of diamonds, even though only the separated stones show in the picture. A plaque is an ornament for any evening. I saw one the other day used as a brooch, holding in the bodice of a pale mauve panne dress a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley. It is, of course, quite easy to have the pin attachment.

Deep regret is felt in our own royal family, as in that of Italy, for the serious news of the health of that regally beautiful woman, the Duchesse d'Aosta. I saw her on one evening at Lansdowne House when the guests assembled from our Indian Empire and the world over were entertained there. She was dressed in white, and wore a crown of diamonds and emeralds five inches high in the centre, where was a superb pear-shaped diamond, jewels round her neck, jewels on her bodice, jewels everywhere, all emeralds and diamonds. Her height and splendid looks made her ornaments, remarkable as they were, secondary. Every eye brightened as it beheld her. In a crowd where Indian potentates were resplendent in gold and scarlet and jewels, and everywhere was brilliance and colour, all were agreed that the Duchesse d'Aosta was the most striking figure there. I saw her again at her sister's wedding at the close of last year. Beautiful still she was, and stately, but white and thin. Our Queen loves her as a daughter, and this bad news has affected her much. Egypt has not proved beneficial, I am told, and some of the snowy altitudes are to be tried.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a tea-gown in tabac-brown soft silk eolien. It is draped round the shoulders

and crossed over in front, where it fastens with a large buckle, from which fall long stole-like ends of dark golden-brown velvet, with inserted bands of embroidery in dark rich shades. On the same page is an illustration of a picturesque velvet hat finished with plumes.

The curtain at the Kingsway Theatre, which has on it the printed thanks of the management to the ladies who have so kindly removed their hats, is a good idea. But the suggestion of Mr. Lewis, the talented man-milliner of Maison Lewis, Regent Street, the Rue Royale, Paris, and several other Continental salons, that large hats should be worn in town and confided to the care of cloak-room attendants at the theatre, is better. Large hats over pretty faces are joys. Mr. Lewis has been successful in the hat competition organised by the *New York Herald*. The Town Council of New York has bought the prize hat to present to Mrs. Longworth. Mme. Bernhardt is one of his oldest clients; Mesdames Cassives, Lavalliere, Felyne, and Marcelle Lender have their hats made by him, and Mlle. Leconte's travelling-hat and dinner head-dress in "Le Monde ou l'on s'Ennuie" are his creations, so his authority is indisputable. I quite agree hats should be removed with care, placed in safety during the play, and resumed in comfort after, and at the expense of the management. There are few theatre cloak-rooms whereat a particular woman could be induced to leave her pet Lewis hat.

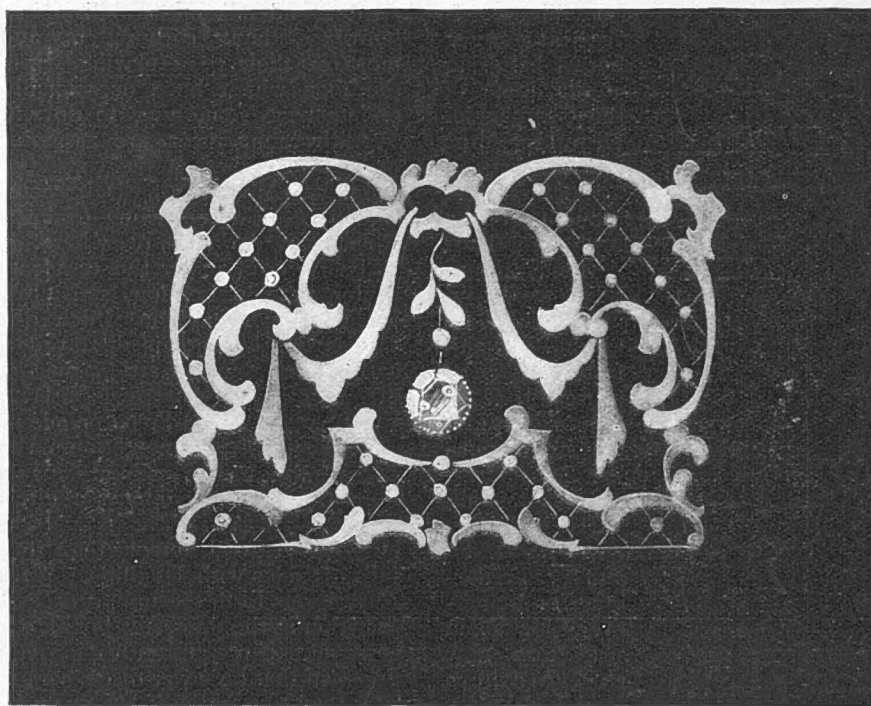


A GREAT SINGER WHOSE VOICE IS BEING "PRESERVED" IN ENGLAND: MME. LUISA TETRAZZINI, WHO HAS MADE A SERIES OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.

(See Article on this Page.)

TETRAZZINI IN THE HOME.

THE papers announce glad tidings to those who struggled painfully and in vain to hear Mme. Tetrazzini when she was achieving her remarkable success a couple of months ago at Covent Garden. Then, it will be remembered, people hurried to buy every available seat in the house, several concerts were required to supplement the operatic performances, the place reserved for the orchestra was usurped by extra rows of stalls, and even then the public clamoured at the box-office. But before she left to seek and find fresh triumphs across the Atlantic, Mme. Tetrazzini was persuaded to visit the offices of the Gramophone Company in the City Road, and there, to the music of an efficient band, conducted by Covent Garden's musical conductor, Mr. Percy Pitt, the great singer gave to the public for a lasting memorial of her art some of the songs that have brought fame and fortune to the few who can grapple successfully with their difficulties. The "Voi Che Sapete," surely one of the most exquisite songs that ever flowed from Mozart's magic pen, the "Batti, Batti," from the same composer's "Don Giovanni," a song that Patti sang in the days of her youth, the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," and several others equally attractive, equally delightful to young and old, to the trained and the untrained ear, come to us fresh and with new and enduring life from the records. It is not too much to say that Tetrazzini's voice, the real, living voice with its rich, human quality, its depth of artistic emotion, its irresistible appeal to every ear, is brought home to us straight and true from these new records, which are at once



A NEW PLAQUE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

a triumph of selection, delivery, and reproduction. One need not wait for Mme. Tetrazzini's return to this country in order to enjoy her gift. The price of a stall on one of the special nights at Covent Garden in Grand Season will buy any two Tetrazzini records, and they will sing for our delight until every inflection of the voice, every nuance of the singer's style, is as familiar to us as our pocket.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 11.

GILT-EDGED APPRECIATION.

IN writing of gilt-edged stocks earlier this year, occasion was taken to indicate the good rates then obtainable from many of the best-class securities. Every section of those markets has since enjoyed a substantial rise. It can hardly be said that one department is better off for improvements than another. Consols, Colonials, Home Railway prior-charge, and similar stocks are appreciably better, and we have no doubt that the gradual transfer of money still on deposit at the banks will flow mostly into investments of the best sort for some time to come. New issues naturally must be expected, but can be awaited with more equanimity with a 4 per cent. Bank Rate instead of the abnormal 7 per cent. India Threes and Irish Guaranteed are still cheap, and Consols are likely to go better. Colonial inscribed stocks yielding from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. can be bought with safety, and assurance of higher prices. Because another fall in the Bank Rate will certainly come.

HOME RAILWAY DEPRECIATION.

Dividend announcements by the Home Railway Companies which had declared their rates can only be called doubtfully good. Of course, the Great Eastern disappointment rather colours the list as a whole, sentimentally to some extent, but practically as regards the extra cost of locomotive power. If the "Heavy" lines have suffered from a coal-bill such as the Great Eastern has been labouring under, the outlook for the dividends is the reverse of rosy. Reduction in the Bank Rate is somewhat neutralised by the falling-off in traffics, the decreases clearly reflecting the check at length administered to trade throughout the North and Midlands. There are, however, cheap stocks to be secured. Great Northern Deferred will turn up trumps, and Metropolitan Consolidated should be worth five points more than its present price, if only by reason of the Franco-British Exhibition to be opened in the summer. Central London Deferred will be pretty sure to advance when the Exhibition traffics come along; and of more investment-speculative type, Hull and Barnsley will, we think, improve still further upon the rise which has taken place since the purchase was recommended here.

KAFFIR MINING MATTERS.

Need of more money by the various groups connected with the Kaffir Circus is the explanation advanced to account for the decline in prices which followed directly upon the heels of the Chartered Company's meeting. A number of schemes are in the air, having for their object amalgamation or closer working agreement, and these projects are direct bear points, though a plausible air of bullishness is hung around each one. Kaffir amalgamation means too often nothing but a plan for linking some healthy concern to a rotten affair, the latter being one in which the wire-pullers hold the bulk of the shares. Or else it is an excuse for raising more capital. Or else it provides an easy way for insiders to secure handsome underwriting commission. What chance has a market to stand against such rascality, trickery, and robbery as are respectively represented by the three reasons for amalgamation just given? We can't advise purchases of Kaffirs so long as the market remains the hunting-ground of schemers whose sole idea is to line their pockets at the expense of a public who are not allowed to have so much as "a run for their money."

TRUST COMPANIES AND THE CRISIS.

The improved tone in the market for Trust Companies' stocks seems to show that the public are beginning to realise how very little they have suffered in the recent financial crisis. In many cases, indeed, the recent depression has been taken advantage of to make investments on most favourable terms, and will prove in the long run a blessing in disguise. Anyone who doubts this should read the whole of the speech of the Chairman of the Government and General Investment Company at the annual meeting on Dec. 19, from which I will quote a few words here: "Never in our time have there been such good opportunities of making valuable use of money, and that coupled with an entire absence of risk. It is true that we have a depreciation in our investments; but if you regard those investments merely as machines for making money or for earning money, those investments are worth just as much to us as ever they were. There is no doubt that this is a magnificent time for investing money, such a time as we have never seen before, perhaps are never likely to see again." That this is the correct view is borne out by such reports as have been issued in the past fortnight. The *River Plate and General Investment Trust Company*, for instance, has raised its dividend for 1907 to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Deferred stock, as against 6 per cent. for 1906, and is carrying forward £6965 against £6103 brought in. The report adds that the proceeds of the recent issue of Debenture stock have been invested, but the Revenue account will not experience the full benefit until the current year. When I first recommended this stock in these columns only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was being paid on the Deferred Stock, and so far the dividend has been raised every year since. Equally satisfactory is the report of the *Foreign and Colonial Trust Company*. The net revenue for the year amounts to £136,643, as compared with £134,153 in 1906, thus enabling the Directors to pay 7 per cent. again, and carry forward £15,918, as against £12,249 brought forward from the preceding year. Only about £400 was received last year for arrears of interest, against £1164 in the previous year, so that the normal income of the Trust has increased by over £3000 in that terrible year, 1907. This is now, so far as I know, the only financial Trust Company which has no Debenture issue. It seems almost a pity that the Directors should not take advantage of the present exceptional circumstances to make an issue of Debenture stock. If, for instance, £1,000,000 of 4 per cent. Debenture stock were offered for subscription at, say, 98, and present stockholders were given a prior right to apply for such stock, there should be no difficulty in floating what would practically be a gilt-edged security, and I have no doubt that, even in these times, it would soon be at a considerable premium. The Board, with their experience and opportunities, would have no difficulty in investing the proceeds in such a way that, without risk, the dividend on the Deferred stock might be raised by $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1 per

cent., and this without detriment to the holders of Preferred stock. In the long run, it would be more likely to benefit the Preferred stockholders than otherwise, as, by increasing the capital, the risks can be more widely distributed.

It is probable that all, or most, Trust Companies will show a falling off in the market value of their holdings as compared with last reports, but there is no doubt that this has been more than discounted in their present quotations. Naturally, those Companies whose interests are mostly in the United States have been marked down the most—such Companies are the Investment Trust Corporation, American Investment Trust, and British Investment Trust; and yet probably in no case will dividends be affected. At the last meeting of the American Investment Trust the Chairman remarked: "In American Railway bonds alone we have £1,100,814, and that out of a total capital of £1,500,000; so that you will see that about five-sixths of our securities consist of American bonds, most of which are First Mortgage bonds." The other Companies mentioned above are in much the same position, and a purchase of the Deferred stocks of any of them is as safe a way as can be found of taking advantage of the present depression across the water. Q.

THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

It is impossible to present a comparative table of banking returns during the last half of 1907 which would be of value, because the matter of profits and dividends does not, as is usual, march hand in hand. The balance-sheets of all the banks are on this occasion complicated by having to provide for the depreciation of securities, and the various ways in which this problem has been met. Taking the results of the twenty-three leading banks and discount companies for the last half-year, in no case is the dividend reduced; in one case—that of the Halifax Joint Stock Bank—it is increased; while in nearly every case the carry forward and additions to various reserve funds are larger than for the corresponding period of 1906; but, in addition to these satisfactory figures, in some cases full, and in some partial, provision has been made for depreciation of securities out of current profits. These things very much balance each other. If you have dear money and big profits you must have bad stock markets and a fall in the price of high-class stocks; so that what the banks gain in one direction they have to use in another, and the half-year may be summed up as one in which splendid "banking" profits have been made, but great depreciation in securities has been suffered.

As usual, the financial review of the last half-year presented by Sir F. Schuster at the meeting of the Union of London and Smith's Bank is the most interesting pronouncement among a number of excellent and instructive *résumés* of the trade and industrial conditions which have prevailed during the last six months, and we would especially recommend Sir F. Schuster's observation upon the causes of the American crisis to those of our readers who are interested in such subjects. On the whole, the speeches of the various bank chairmen are all somewhat optimistic and decidedly encouraging as to the trade conditions prevailing here at present.

Saturday, Jan. 25, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

PUTNEY.—The question of the future of Home Railway stocks is a big one, and we cannot discuss the dangers of Labour Socialism, etc., in this column. It seems unwise to keep all your eggs in one basket. Why not put some in the Preference shares of good Argentine or other foreign Rails and in first-class industrial Debentures?

A. H.—(1) Yes, but much depends on the result of the meetings. (2) Yes, to some extent.

SEAGHAN.—Nearly all your list consists of first-class Trust Companies, which are well managed and doing well. Only by a careful examination of the list of investments of each (many not available) could we tell if there was undue risk. We have doubts about the one marked *i* in the list, and the founders' shares are an objection to *b*.

J. S.—No. See last week's Note as to the diamond market.

C. M.—See last week's Note.

FAY.—Your want is common to all investors. The business carried on by most of the Companies in your list is sound, but exposed to many risks. Bad seasons and drought and such like dangers are risks you must take if you hold the shares, and in some cases there is considerable uncalled liability.

D. M.—We advise you to have nothing to do with the bucket shop shares. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway deferred and one of the Trust Companies' stocks dealt with in Q's notes should suit you for investment purposes.

CRUX.—We should hold the San Francisco shares. As to the other mine, we have no reliable information, but the people connected with it do not encourage us.

We are asked to state that the National Provident Institution, after making full provision for all shrinkage in values due to the depreciation of Stock Exchange securities, is able to show a surplus for the past five years of £834,406, of which £806,976 will be divided among members entitled to share in profit. The sum thus divided will provide bonuses at the same full average rates as were declared at the last three quinquennial divisions. The bonus notices will be sent to members early in March.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be good sport at Newbury. The following may go close: Wroughton Hurdle, St. Enogat; Royston Steeplechase, Bush Rose; Weyhill Hurdle, Cadwal; Sefton Steeplechase, Flax Park; United Hunts' Cup, Roti; Maiden Hurdle, Mitral; Lambourne Hurdle, Kilruddery; Winchester Steeplechase, Nanoya; Berkshire Hurdle, Goldwin; Ogbourne Steeplechase, Onward; Moderate Hurdle, Jack. For Kempton Park I like the following: Littleton Steeplechase, Holy War; Kempton Hurdle, Queen's Cup; Middlesex Hurdle, Sintram; Paddock Steeplechase, Do Be Quick; Weybridge Steeplechase, Flax Field; Thames Hurdle, Mistake II.; Hanworth Hurdle, Protector; Cranford Steeplechase, Onward; Kempton Park Steeplechase, Do Be Quick; Egham Hurdle, Flax Park.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"One Fair Enemy." By Carlton Dawe. (John Long.)—"A Woman's Aye and Nay." By Lucas Cleeve. (John Long.)—"The Sacred Herb." By Fergus Hume. (John Long.)

"ONE Fair Enemy" is singularly naïve to be the work of so experienced a novelist as Mr. Carlton Dawe. It is spirited enough and written with a certain dash, but it is conventional in the extreme. The author seems to have come to the conclusion that there is still a public for old-fashioned romance in which all the characters have "straight" parts, and then to have spared no pains to give that public what they want and expect. When it is said that the "One Fair Enemy" of the title is the daughter of an aristocrat who dies fighting for his King at Naseby, it does not require the genius of a Limerick-winner to guess the rest. Captain Hugh Anthony, of Cromwell's Army, quarters himself at Castle Abbey, does not wish to sup alone, and so sends for the Lady Beatrice Essington, that she may keep him company. He is refused, but insists, and is obeyed.

At length the big centre door of the hall was flung open, and he beheld a radiant vision of loveliness advance towards him. . . . His look expressed amazement. This the hateful feminine, the intolerable virago! Heavens! what foolishness had he been guilty of now? What crime?

Now, the Lady Beatrice is all for "the man Charles Stuart," and Anthony is all against "the Malignants," but the little boy with the bow hits their hearts on the gold, and thus it is that Anthony, knowing full well that the young Cavalier who is routed out of my lady's chamber is the man Cromwell's soldiers are seeking, allows him to escape when Beatrice declares that he is not her brother, but her lover, and has few qualms about so doing. That he is ill repaid for his clemency goes almost without saying; how else could the fair enemy be won over to his side, save him from the gallows, and eventually find that she loves him?

Left alone, Hugh and Beatrice stood for a moment or so looking quaintly at each other. Then, as if by one impulse, they moved, slid, swayed, glided into each others' arms.

"I love you!" he whispered. "Oh, my beloved, have you come to me at last?"

"To you," she said, "as the needle to the pole, as true heart to true heart."

And all's well with the world!

Woman's dominance—in this case, but alleged—is also the motive of "A Woman's Aye and Nay." "The story in this novel

is supposed to take place, five or ten years hence, when apparently that dire catastrophe may have happened to Great Britain, that Woman will be permitted to vote for Parliament." So Lucas Cleeve, who then, having used the dread words "dire catastrophe," seeks to justify them in a book of some length. The problem opened is—Should a woman be allowed the vote, in that, where she should vote for her husband, she may vote for another man and lose her husband his seat? That is precisely what Lady Trent does. She is a Conservative, and her husband is standing for Middlebrook, a safe seat, but she listens to the blandishments of the Radical Percival Brice, and all is lost. Brice is an exceedingly artful person. He intends to marry Lady Rosamond, daughter of Lord Middlebrook, who "found" him and so is proud of him, but he fears the political power of the Trents, and determines to undermine it by securing Lady Trent's sympathy. "He certainly had a certain influence over women, especially weak ones," and he contrives to get his rival's wife to give him her vote. Needless to say, so inexorable is Fate as imagined by the popular novelist, Sir Nicholas Trent loses the election by just that one vote. In the end, however, the schemer is not altogether successful. True, he weds Lady Rosamond, but—

Sir Nicholas is in Parliament again, elected this time without a contest, Mr. Brice having been unseated for bribery three months after his marriage to Lady Rosamond. . . . Cynthia has not yet got the Women's Rights' frown.

Those ladies who are unwelcome callers at a certain house in Downing Street and at a certain police court in the same neighbourhood will not welcome this book; but they need not fear it—it is not serious enough to damage their cause.

"The Sacred Herb" is sheer Fergus Hume, and, as such, is assured of a measure of success. It is neither more probable nor less exciting than its predecessors, and it has the same merits and the same faults. Mr. Hume is not a stylist, but he has a gift for contriving curious situations that lead to a maze of misunderstanding that is of great value to him, and there is no denying the fact that his mysteries remain mysteries until the last chapter has been reached. To describe in detail the plot of the present volume would be but to "give the game away" without due cause, and neither author nor reader would thank us. Suffice it that "The Sacred Herb" has to do neither with J. M. Barrie nor the Craven Mixture—

An old priest . . . murmured strange names over a rude stone altar, whereon blazed a clear fire . . . and cast upon the flames the yellow leaves of a sacred herb. A thick white cloud of smoke spread like a milky mist . . . then did the priest become rigid as the dead, and his spirit blended with the spirits of those grim gods he worshipped.

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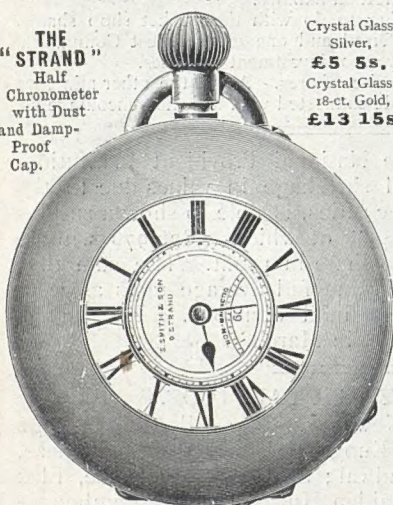
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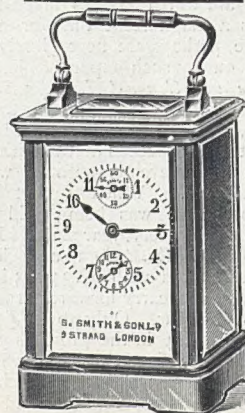
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